BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1943

ERIC BAUME
NEGLEY FARSON

FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

WHY shouldn't women have a pocket in its most convenient position? Why shouldn't she carry around a handkerchief, a little spare change, and maybe her cigarettes and lighter without having to resort to the inevitable handbag?

No reason at all since 'Gor-ray' Skirts have featured the ZWOW, a Pocket Placket Fastening which DISPENSES WITH HIP BUTTONS AND OTHER FASTENERS THAT SPOIL THE SYMMETRY OF THE HIP LINE.

A very definite contribution this to a more comfortable way of living for women!

Drapers and Stores everywhere stock 'Gor-ray' Skirts.

All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

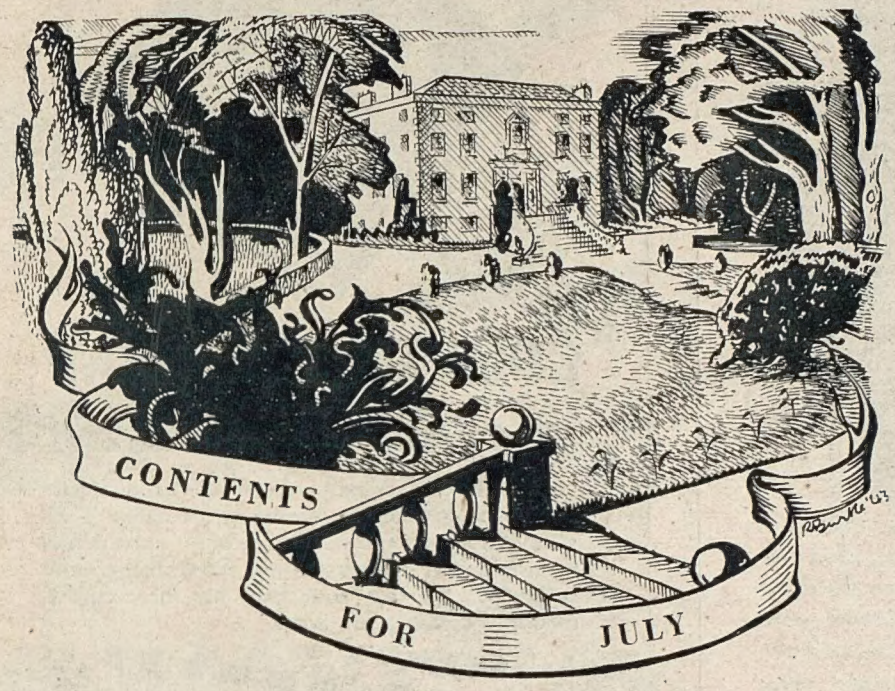
GOR-RAY Skirts

EVERY GENUINE GOR-RAY SKIRT HAS A 'GOR-RAY' LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND

Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 27, No. 1 JULY, 1943



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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Working for Victory in
CHIVERS' ORCHARDS

"Getting in the fruit this summer looks like being a tidy problem. The women of the village and school children will help as usual—so will you land girls. But I hope lots of town folks will volunteer as well. It's important work, this is, for plenty of JAM will be needed through the winter with other things scarce—and I know the lads doing the fighting like a bit of good jam too!" If there are farms or orchards near, do offer *your* help *now*.

Sorry, no more Chivers Jellies until Victory is won but

CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE
still available in most districts, are prepared in the heart of the Country at
HISTON (*just outside*) CAMBRIDGE

J381

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH
Gibbs DENTIFRICE
7½d
REFILLS 7d & 11½d
(Including Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only.
NO MESS
NO WASTE
the last brushful is as effective as the first
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4. GD 236 B

When Baby is on the way

you need the right foods

Right from the start is the time to plan the health and happiness of Baby and yourself. You have to eat for "one and a bit" as the Radio Doctor puts it, and the extra you eat should not be just a little more of everything, but of the foods specially needed by you and the little body developing within you.

The old saying "lose a tooth for every child" need not be true for you if you eat rightly. And the right foods *now*, help you quickly to recover your strength and energy after Baby is born. ***The Government puts you and your Baby first for these special foods.*** Make sure you get them.

QUESTIONS YOU ASK

What are my special allowances?

Seven pints of milk a week; 3 shell eggs a week; orange juice and cod liver oil, or capsules or tablets if you cannot take oil. The milk supplies, among other valuable nourishment, lime salts for Baby's bones and teeth. The cod liver oil contains vitamins vital to you and Baby's well-being. The orange juice provides another vitamin equally important to you both. Indeed, all these extras are *essential* if you are to keep healthy, and Baby is to develop properly and with good bones and teeth, without robbing *you*. You are entitled to the seven pints of milk a week while you are breast-feeding Baby.

How can I get my allowances?

Get a medical certificate from your doctor, certified midwife or health visitor. Hand or send this with your ration book to your Food Office. You will then get coupon sheets for orange juice and cod liver oil or capsules or tablets and a slip will be pasted in your ration book to enable you to get seven pints of milk a week at 2d. a pint, and shell eggs. Your Food Office will tell you where to hand in your coupons; and in what circumstances you can get the milk, orange juice and cod liver oil, etc., free.

How about iron?

Baby will take from you the iron he needs, so take extra care that you do not go short of iron at this time. Liver is a good source of iron. So are dried beans, peas, lentils and also prunes. Invest some points in these foods! Cocoa is better for you than tea or coffee in regard to iron content. Oatmeal, eggs (dried are as good as fresh) and greens are important. And if you can get it, take out some of your preserve ration in old-fashioned black treacle.

A few simple diet rules, please?

1. Your full rations. 2. Your special allowances of milk, eggs, orange juice and cod liver oil. 3. Plenty of vegetables, *properly cooked*, including potatoes. 4. A big portion of "something green and raw" every day. 5. Foods rich in iron (see above). 6. Fish once or twice a week when possible, or canned herring, pilchards, salmon or sardines. 7. Plenty of water.

There is little risk of too much meat nowadays, but your doctor will tell you whether to cut it down during the last months.

New potatoes are specially valuable; they have a good supply of the same vitamin that you get in fruit; you can't have too much of this vitamin.

SPECIAL ALLOWANCES FOR

Children with R.B.2 Ration Book

MILK. Children with this ration book now get 7 pints of milk a week automatically; no forms to fill in.

COD LIVER OIL AND ORANGE JUICE. Take, or send, the R.B.2 ration book to the Food Office and you will receive coupon sheets for these. The Food Office will tell you where to get supplies, also the prices, and in what circumstances milk, cod liver oil and orange juice can be had free.

SHELL EGGS. Babies between 6 and 18 months old are entitled to 3 shell eggs a week. Take or send the ration book to the Food Office, and a slip will be pasted in the ration book to enable you to buy them.

MF

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

(S.66

Gibbs

COLD CREAM SOAP

soothes Baby's skin

Now baby-creams are scarce, Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is more than ever necessary for Baby. This soap is not only specially mild, but it is so richly creamy that it helps to protect from chafing and soreness. See that your baby has the comfort of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

D. & W. GIBBS

COLD CREAM SOAP

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 7D Including Purchase Tax

GCC27L

USE FLIT SPARINGLY

Our armies overseas need to be protected from flies and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. National food supplies have to be protected from contamination by insect pests. The raw materials for making Flit are required for these essential national needs.

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST

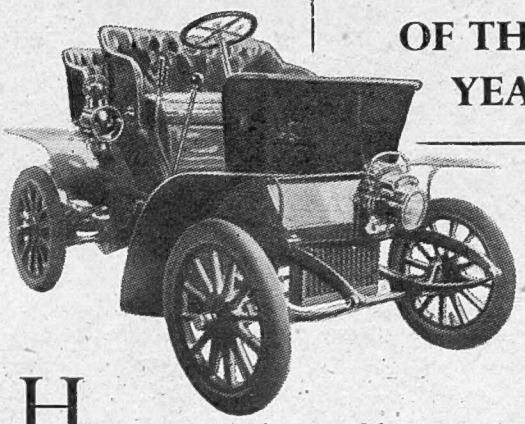
HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE

HARTLEY'S

JAMS & MARMALADE

Made the **'REAL JAM'** *way*

THE PASSAGE OF THE YEARS



HERE you see the latest model Singer as it stood in front of the coach house, newly delivered from the works, on a Spring morning in 1904.

As a matter of fact, this particular model was subsequently driven around the Yorkshire Wolds by its owner-driver for three exciting years; and it would appear that the impression it made upon him was considerable. For during the next thirty years this motorist owned seven more cars — and they were all Singers.

Now, what is it about the Singer? Perhaps the fact that this particular motorist was himself a qualified Automobile Engineer may provide you with a clue.

SINGER

Manufacturers of Automobiles for nearly half a century

SINGER MOTORS LIMITED · COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM

THANKS TO Weetabix

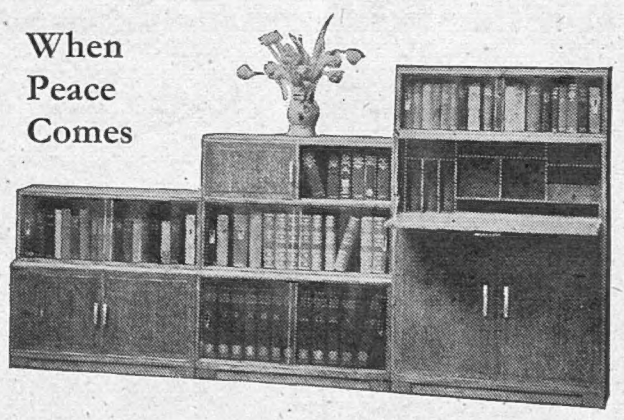
Only good food can give the kiddies the bone, brain and muscle that will make them into healthy, sturdy men and women. So invest your precious Points in Weetabix, for it is *the whole of the wheat* easily served and digested. It gives energy, builds and strengthens — and how the kiddies love it! It is *more* than a breakfast food and can be served in many appetising ways. Keep it *first* on your Points-list.

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS $7\frac{1}{2}$D LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1

WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

WX28A

When Peace Comes



THE fine workmanship and materials of the requisite quality for making Minty Chairs and Sectional Bookcases are not available to-day. In any case, few of us have opportunity or leisure for their enjoyment, should we be so fortunate as already to possess them. Those peaceful hours of relaxation in the luxurious comfort of a Minty Chair; the thrill of housing a growing collection, section by section, in a handsome Minty Bookcase, are pleasures to look forward to. In the brighter future for which we strive, there will be material and time to spare for the making and enjoyment of Minty Furniture.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., when they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45, HIGH STREET, OXFORD

"Kayser Underwear fits because it's tailored"

KAYSER-BONDOR

REGULATION PATTERN

Officers' Footwear

FOR ALL THE SERVICES

O.F. 409 Black
O.F. 410 Brown
to Army
41/-

"Waukeezi" Service Shoes are designed and made by craftsmen with long experience in the production of Service Footwear. Made over scientifically constructed, long tested, officially approved, modern fitting lasts, to the highest grade Utility specification, they assure, at moderate price, the greatest possible "coupon value" with NO PURCHASE TAX to pay. Available only to COMMISSIONED OFFICERS against signed P.O.F. forms supplied at time of purchase. *From "Waukeezi" retailers everywhere.*

NAVY • ARMY
RAF • MERCHANT NAVY • W.R.N.S
A.T.S. • W.A.A.F
HOME GUARD
U.S. ARMY AND NAVY • NURSING SERVICES

"Waukeezi"
SERVICE FOOTWEAR

WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LTD.

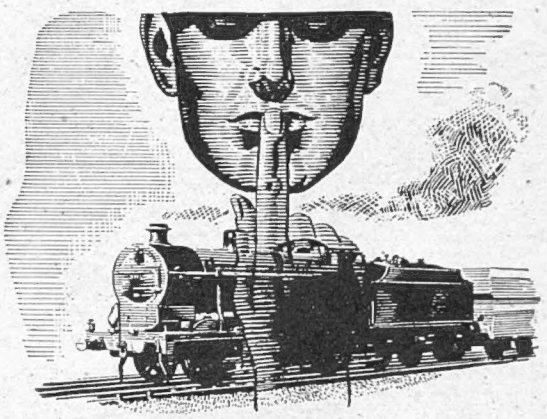
knit this cardigan for yourself

Send 3d. to Dept.B.E. for Booklet 957

P&B knitting wools

Made by PATONS & BALDWINS LTD
ALLOA, SCOTLAND & HALIFAX, ENGLAND

Φ728



The New
"SECRET SERVICE"

THERE are many facts and figures about the British Railways the enemy would like to know.

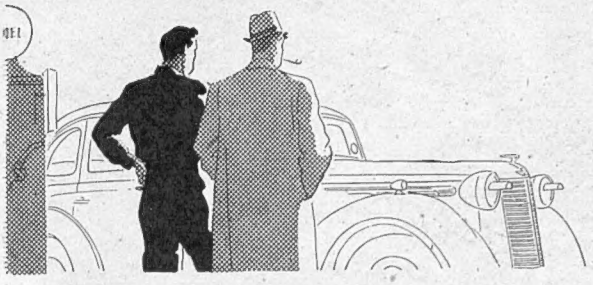
The demands the Services make on British Railways increase in size and urgency as the war progresses — the conveyance of materials and equipment, the transportation of troops coming and going, supplies for factories, tanks, guns, food — an ever-lengthening list.

Yet it all gets done and well done. The Railways are doing a first-class war job; they would like to tell you about it but it is vital work, most of which must be kept secret at least until after the war.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
GWR · LMS LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



A LITTLE CARE SAVES A LOT OF WEAR

Even careful owners, anxious to keep their Austins in good trim to do an efficient war-time job, often haven't time these days to be very familiar with the working parts of their cars. When you ask your dealer to do some job of servicing, you may easily have left something else overlooked. Faulty wheel alignment, for instance, wearing out valuable tyres, or incorrect lubrication, reducing the life of metal surfaces. Ask your dealer to check up. In the long run it will be cheaper for you—and definitely better for the Country.

Help your **AUSTIN** *to help the Country*

The AUSTIN MAGAZINE *may help you too—4d monthly*

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM 8.1.199

Dorothy Gray

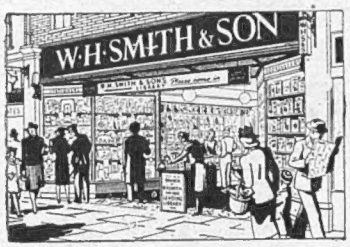
A name you would like to see more often these days . . .

A name that has always meant the individual and scientific care of your skin.

A name that when you find it is your assurance of preparations that are still made to the exact formulas of pre-war days, blended from the same rich ingredients with the same skilled care . . .

A name to remember when Dorothy Gray preparations again become fully available, for then their care can be constant and the nourishing oils and soothing unguents will help to smooth away the tell-tale lines of war-tired skins.

Issued by Dorothy Gray Ltd. Dorothy Gray is a Reg. Trade Mark.



A queue with a difference

The thing to keep in mind about a circulating library is that it is just that—a *circulating* library. The books in it must circulate in turn—another aspect of the queue system, but with the difference that without taking any unfair advantage over your fellows you can buy a place near the head of the queue.

In W. H. Smith & Son's Library there are three main services. At the head of the queue is the Preferential service, for those who want something more than normal circulating library service—who want, for the most part, only new books, more or less on demand. Next is the "A" service, which might be described as Smith's standard service, an all-round supply to meet all general needs. A high proportion of new books is included. And then there is the "B" service, for the reader who is content with an abundant choice of books and who is not worried by the fact that they are not the latest books. The difference between the three is not at all a question of the merit or literary worth of the books provided, but solely one of "newness," the speed with which a new book becomes available to the subscriber.

A year's reading costs £2.3.0, £1 or 10/- for the Preferential, "A" or "B" services respectively. (Six months, three months, or one month at slightly higher proportionate rates.)

Each service provides unlimited reading. There is no restriction on the number of times a book may be exchanged; a fresh book can be had daily if necessary. There are exchange depots at nearly all W. H. Smith & Son's shops and many of their station bookstalls, and a postal service direct from the Head Office for those who cannot conveniently use any of the Company's Library branches. The Chief Librarian will be glad to be allowed to send you further details.

W. H. SMITH & SON'S LIBRARY WHS BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

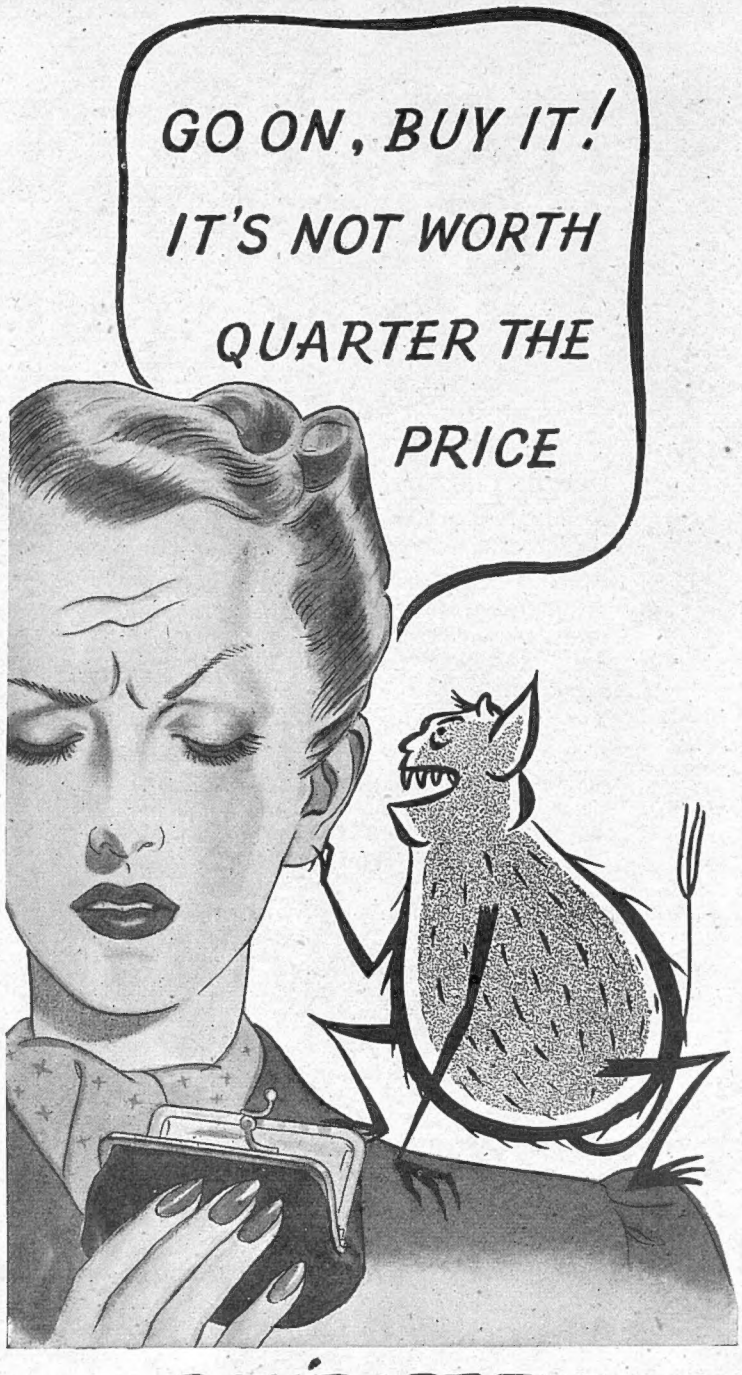
By Appointment to H.M. The King

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of the Highest Quality

Unfortunately not at present obtainable everywhere but, as thousands will be glad to know, they'll be obtainable everywhere after the war.

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER



DON'T LET THE SQUANDER BUG FOOL YOU!

When he whispers in your ear, 'Go on, buy it!' be firm. Say 'No, I'm going to have a little nest-egg for the time when money will buy something worth having—I'm going to lend my money to help to shorten the war!' Don't listen to that treacherous Squander Bug. Join a Savings Group and help to defeat him. Buy all the Savings Certificates you can.

Savings Certificates cost 15/- — *and are worth* 20/6 *in* 10 *years — increase free of income tax. They can be bought by instalments with* 6d., 2/6 *or* 5/- *Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!*

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

200 years ago

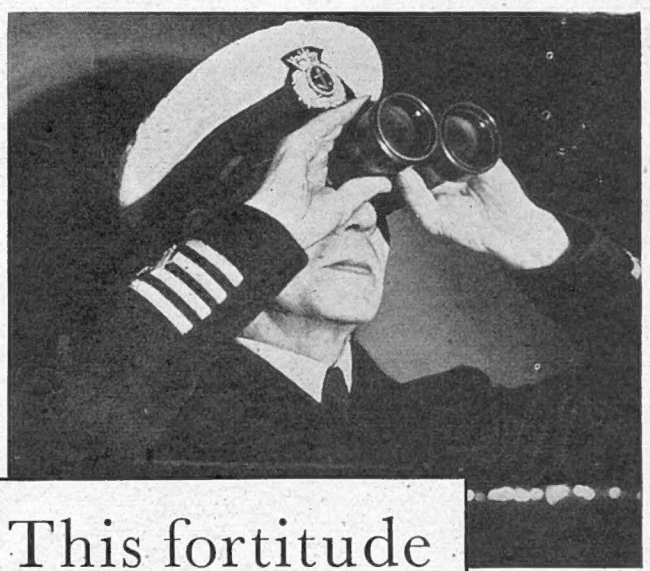
In a little shop in Green Street, Bath, Dr. Oliver first produced his inimitable biscuits for the fashionables of 1735. A large, modern factory now takes care of the demand for *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits*. Wartime commitments have made them less easy to obtain than formerly. But full supplies will again be available after the War.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

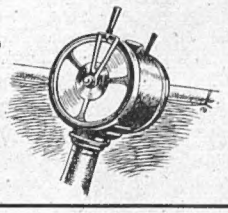
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.



This fortitude

The little Scotsman grunts as he hands over to the mate; and, aching with fatigue, goes stiffly below. Cruising at ten knots in convoy . . . unceasing watch, merciless tension . . . We can't all be incomparable Captains in the Merchant Navy. But we *can* all be incomparable citizens.

—we can all bring this spirit into our wartime tasks. The spirit that generations to come will remember with pride as they ask "*But for their fortitude . . . . . ?*"



The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry

Snow-white loveliness without using fuel

PAROZONE YOUR LINENS and COTTONS

You can't help taking a pride in the unblemished whiteness of Parozoned sheets and pillow-cases and towels . . . happier, too, that this has been achieved without using fuel needed for essential war purposes and to build up domestic stocks for the future.

Wash your white things in the usual way then soak them overnight in a solution of one teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of COLD water, rinse out in the morning and they will emerge snow white, fragrant, ready to dry, lovelier than ever before.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE REGD

PRE-WAR QUALITY AND PRE-WAR PRICE

Head Office:
GLASGOW. Also at London and Nottingham.

For MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied full strength to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

Parozone must not be applied to the eyes.

Children have a special claim to Horlicks —*please leave it for them*

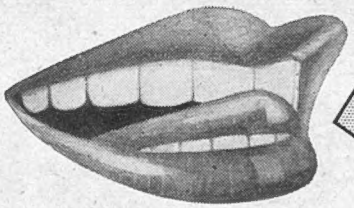
ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live for many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

ACID FUR



DETECT IT THIS WAY!

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? That's *acid fur*, staining and spoiling your teeth; *acid fur* the hidden enemy which starts decay.

RID TEETH OF ACID FUR

Many things you eat cause acid to form in the mouth and acid fur is the result. To get rid of this acid fur, you must use an antacid toothpaste. 12,000 dentists know that the most effective antacid is 'Milk of Magnesia'. They recommend their patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia, the *only* toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'.

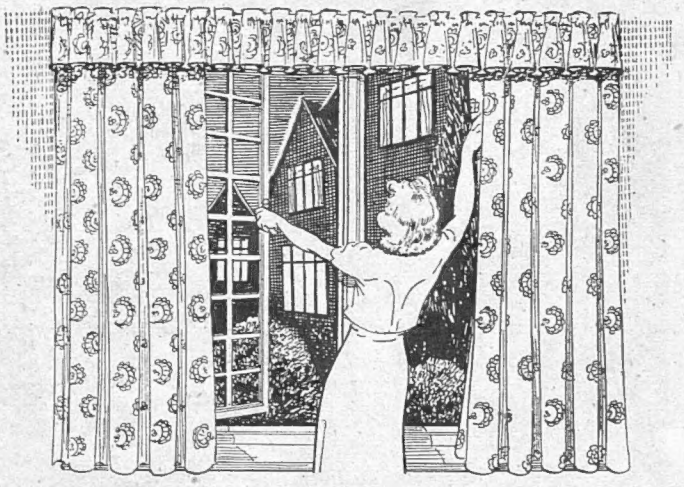
Rid your teeth of acid fur before it ruins them. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and use it night and morning.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*



When we banish blackout

How singularly gay our towns will seem when the dark streets are once again filled with light. How gay our homes will look with cheerful new curtains replacing the funereal blackout. Our shops will be gay too when the shelves are once more loaded with things that are so scarce today. Things like "Rufflette" curtain tape, for instance . . . .

'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Office: 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.
A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

Nurses and Midwives needed

The wartime job that can be your career..

The girl who becomes a Nurse or Midwife is doing a war job of vital importance. More than that, she is fitting herself for a career in Britain's Health Drive. She can proudly say, "I am doing my best for my Country and the future."

FILL IN THIS COUPON TODAY

TO: THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE
(Dept. N.R.), 24 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send illustrated literature on Nursing or Midwifery as a wartime job and as a career. Also details of TRAINING, PAY etc.

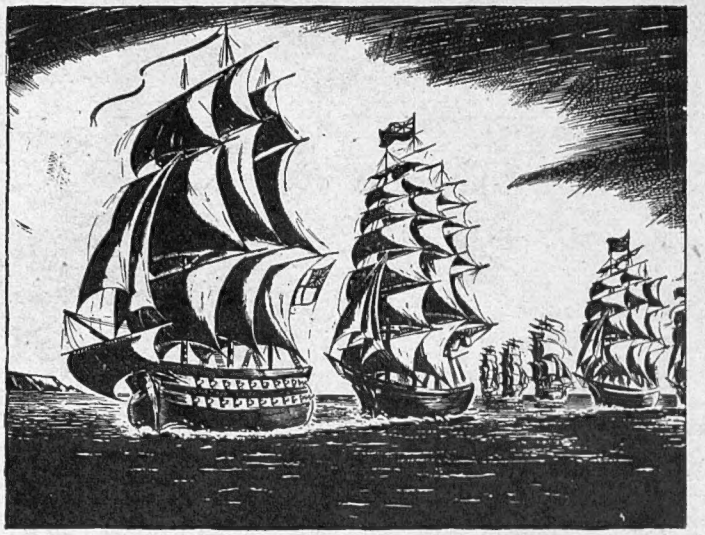
I am interested in
NURSING/MIDWIFERY *(Strike out word not applicable.)*

Name .....

Address.....

..... County.....

[USE BLOCK LETTERS] B.E.2.



Since 1790...

Since the early days of the Convoy system, then, as now, instituted for the protection of our shipping from enemy action, Schweppes Table Waters have been carried to all parts of the world. Now, the National war effort demands, not only the elimination of export trade and the restriction of the importation of raw materials, but the standardisation of Table Waters all under a National Label. Therefore, Schweppes Table Waters, after 150 years continuous service, will not be available until after the war, when they will return with Victory.

Schweppes
Table Waters

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

Jim's back from Essen
"Krupps," says he
"Are all that they're
cracked up to be"

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston MAKES *the biscuit*

There are times—many times—when the R.A.F. ask just for a hot drink and a few biscuits. Which means that the R.A.F. need a lot of biscuits.

For all who have to fight or work hard and long, biscuits hit the target well and truly! Particularly Weston Biscuits.

All Weston Biscuits are good. The finest ingredients obtainable—the most modern methods of production—ensure it, always.

Weston Biscuits mean quality for your points and your pence—and quality is to-day more than ever the best policy when you are buying food.

WESTON *Biscuits*

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE

He touched the brooch pinned at the neck of her gown. "What does this 'V' mean to you?" he asked

THE FIRST DAY

A New Member Joins the Vast Underground Army

By

ETHEL LINA WHITE

VIVIEN heard the clock strike seven, but she dreaded to open her eyes. Last night she had gone to bed, as usual, in her small room overlooking the courtyard, at the Hotel Monopol. She knew that when she forced her lids apart, she would see the same familiar surroundings—the dark polished wood, the crimson-patterned wall-paper, the veneered walnut suite, the lemon-chrome curtains. . . . But she knew, too, that she would awake in another world.

During the hours of darkness, the old life of carefree security had passed away, leaving her stranded in a new Dimension—where she would shrink from shadows and where no locked door could bar out the enemy.

It was her first day in the underground "V" Army.

Until recently, the war had not invaded her orbit and instinct warned her to remain aloof. She rarely listened to the radio or read newspapers. As the Squeeze gradually tightened, she closed her ears to rumours, since it was wiser to live one day at a time and concentrate on her job of running the hotel.

In spite of Anglo-American birth, she was in a privileged position, for her maternal grandmother was the sister of old Fritz Steiner, who owned the Monopol. Orphaned in babyhood, she had lived in Austria for most of her life. The only time she stayed in England with her father's brother—an Oxford don—the academic atmosphere had not proved congenial. Consequently, when war broke out, she chose to remain in Austria with her friends.

In appearance, she was a hundred per-cent. Aryan, with pale-gold hair, worn in a long, page-boy bob—and flax-blue eyes. Always cheerful—with a smile for the most difficult patron—she was also briskly efficient and an ideal hotel-worker. She made no secret of her nationality, and only laughed good-naturedly when either of her countries was attacked.

"Oh, we 're not quite so bad as that," she would say. "Don't forget I 'm half-British and the other half is American."

They always shared her joke, for—since the exact relationship was forgotten—to them she was always old Steiner's granddaughter.

Although she never mentioned it, she thought of the "V" Army as a sort of super-race apart from ordinary life. It was not until she met a certain hotel guest—who called himself "Vanderpant"—that she realised that girls like herself were somehow finding the courage to chalk up "V" signs, listen-in to *verboten* radios and even to commit acts of sabotage.

John Vanderpant was presumably engaged in business, and he often stayed for a night at the Monopol in the course of his travels. During their brief meetings their relationship was that of hotel-manageress and patron; but she was drawn instinctively to him, and she was sure that he felt a similar attraction.

Through thinking constantly of him and watching him unobtrusively, her intuition bridged the gulf between them, so that it was no surprise, one evening, when he took the fateful first step which could place him in the power of the Gestapo. They were sitting together in the deserted lounge, drinking coffee and smoking, when he touched the "initial" brooch pinned at the neck of her gown.

"What does this 'V' mean to you?" he asked.

"'V' for 'Vivien,'" she replied. Then she lowered her voice. "What does it mean to you? You can trust me. I 'm English, too."

"*Too*?" he repeated with his acquired Continental grimace. "Well, since you 've guessed my dark secret, call up your Gestapo."

When they had finished laughing at the absurd suggestion, he began to tell her about the "V" organisation.

"Think of it as a trunk with branches and twigs. The Gestapo are all out to discover the twigs, because they might be 'persuaded' to reveal identity of the branches. So the hang-out of a twig is a very hush-hush affair and is changed constantly. When we want to contact him, we use our Intelligence—ordinary people of all grades—who pass on our messages. You see, it would be too risky for me to try the direct approach. I might be already under suspicion, and my work is too important for me to be liquidated before I 've had a run for my money."

"What is your work?" she asked.

"I rake in new recruits. Great sport. If I slip up in sizing up my man or woman, I can be handed over on a plate to the police. I get a terrific kick out of it."

"Don't," she shuddered. "That 's not funny. . . . Have you come here to try and contact anyone in this hotel?"

"Yes. You."

WHILE she was still gasping with horror, he explained. "You are ideally placed to receive messages and pass them on, with all the comings and goings at the bureau. No one would suspect old Steiner's granddaughter."

She listened in incredulous dismay. His words had shattered her sense of security by suggesting her inclusion in the ranks of those heroic girls who

seemed to be made of different clay from herself. As she looked around the lounge—at the mirrors, the palms, the show-cases—the idea seemed both monstrous and fantastic while she was safe in this warm, well-lit place of shoddy splendour. . . . She thought of the concentration camp and shuddered again. . . .

"No, no. I *couldn't*. I 'm afraid."

"Good." His voice sounded relieved. "I 've tried to recruit you and I 've failed. Perhaps I 'm glad to fail."

"Do you despise me?"

"Definitely no," he assured her. "A timid recruit is a positive danger. You can't force these things. When It grips you, you won't be able to resist It. It 'll be part of you."

She looked into his shining eyes with a faint pang of jealousy. She felt that she had been offered something big and worth-while—and she had rejected it.

"What do you get out of life?" she asked.

"Excitement."

"No happiness? Won't there ever be a woman?"

"No. *Verboten.*"

"Not even a woman who worked with you and shared your danger?"

"No." Then suddenly he smiled. "Who knows? One day, perhaps, when all this is over, there may be a cottage in the country or a flat in town. Whichever she prefers. Some day. . . ."

Some day. . . . After that, it was only a question of time before her first day. . . . She opened her eyes, jumped out of bed and began to dress. Her face in the mirror looked unchanged as she put on the rouge and lip-stick which, together with a tight, black-satin gown and high-heeled shoes, marked her official status; but her fingers shook and her throat felt dry.

All the joy and exultation of the night before had oozed away while she slept. As she remembered John's hint about a weak link, she began to question her own quality and to wonder whether her decision had been "Dutch courage." There had been a wedding celebration at the Monopol the preceding evening, and as old Steiner's representative she could not refuse to join in the toasts.

"Perhaps it was those drinks," she thought. "I 'm not used to so many. I must catch John before he goes and ask him for time. I 'm *not* backing out. All I want is time—time to get steady and used to the idea." She felt relieved by her decision, although she was oppressed by a sense of urgency. John was due to leave the hotel early and she might have missed him. In her impatience, the lift could not take her quickly enough down to the ground-floor, and directly she reached the lounge she ran across to the bureau.

"Has Fifty-two checked out yet?" she asked.

"No," replied the clerk, glancing at the clock. "He 's cutting it fine. I know my lord made a night of it, for I had the joy of letting him in. You must pardon my indiscretion if he is a friend of yours."

"I 've found it," she said, removing a slip from the bottom of the papers and reading it aloud. "It says, 'To-night at eight, one hundred and three, Postgasse.' Your friend wants you to ring him. Here it is. You might forget the address"

"Every patron is a friend of the hotel, Georg," she told him.

As she looked at the youth, she realised his secret hostility bred from a sense of grievance. He was rather like a Kewpie, with very light curly hair, slanting eyes and a broad, permanent smile. Unfortunately, he was not so good-natured as he appeared, while he was too slack to be entrusted with authority.

Her other helper—Edda—was older than herself, but she too could not be allowed much contact with the guests, because of bad manners and a disagreeable personality. Although she was pure Nazi, she was dark and pallid, with mean, pinched lips. Not only was she envious of Vivien's blonde colouring, but she was also jealous of her position as old Steiner's official granddaughter.

Her insolence usually took the form of sardonic servility. That morning she carried Vivien's coffee and dry roll to the desk and laid it beside her with a stressed "Service." As she did so, John entered the lounge. His hat was on and he carried his coat and suit-case.

Illustrations By W. Smithson Broadhead

Because she knew that both her assistants were watching her, Vivien felt her face flush.

"Give me Fifty-two's bill, Georg," she said sharply.

As she crossed the lounge, she noticed a change in John, as if he too were fundamentally altered during the night. His lips were stern, and he looked at her indifferently as though she were a stranger. Taking the account from her, he glanced at the total with a shrug—as though to indicate he was stung—before he spoke in a peremptory whisper.

"Something broke, last night. I 'm going hell-for-leather to contact someone. . . . This item is wrong, Fräulein. . . . *Listen.* At noon to-day a man will tap by a showcase. Pass him and whisper, 'To-night at eight, one hundred and three, Postgasse.' He 's six foot, very fair, blue eyes, blond hair with shaven sides, well dressed, scar over his eye."

While he was murmuring the description, he opened his note-case, thrust some dirty notes into her hand—and dashed through the revolving doors. . . . Her chance of reprieve was gone.

"Fraulein," he asked softly, "who gave you that message for me?" "I don't know. I never saw him before." His smile broadened as he patted her shoulder

"WHO 'S after him?" asked Edda. "Not me."

Vivien felt too laden with heavy responsibility to snub the girl for her implied suggestion. John had accepted her as a new recruit to the "V" Army and had given her a definite job. The lives of others might depend on whether she kept a cool nerve and a clear head; yet her brain whirled when she tried to memorise the simple address.

In her confusion, she took up her cup so carelessly that the coffee slopped into her saucer and her roll fell to the carpet. Georg scooped it up and returned it to her with a low bow.

"There 's this consolation—it can't fall butter-down," he remarked.

"Soon, there will be butter for all," said Edda. "You are nervous this morning, Fräulein. Didn't you sleep well? You should when your stomach is full and your conscience clear."

Vivien ignored the remark and hurried away, eager to escape from Edda's malicious gaze. She always worked at high pressure, but that morning she was grateful for the shortcomings of a skeleton staff. While she was engaged with the floor housekeeper and the chef, she forgot the ordeal ahead of her; but in her constant visits to the bureau—which was the nerve-centre of the hotel—she was conscious of Georg and Edda as potential spies.

When she looked around her, her chief emotion was incredulity. The familiar place appeared as it did yesterday, before she took the border-line step which removed her into another world. Old Steiner had a genius for hotel administration and she was a talented executive, so between them—and in spite of the prevailing economic conditions—the Monopol still reflected some of its former high standard.

Vivien loved it as the only home she could remember. The mere threat of parting from it gave her a pang. As the morning wore on, the tension of waiting grew almost unbearable. She longed for noon, even while she dreaded the passing of every minute.

"First time I 've seen *you* watch the clock," remarked Georg. "He 's a lucky fellow."

"That 's not funny, Georg," she said coldly. "We are here to work."

"Pardon, Fräulein," broke in Edda gleefully, "but you have made a grave mistake in the menu. We have not served this sauce for years. It needs a lot of butter." (*Continued on p.* 51)

War Begat These Gains

Some Innovations Which Could Most Beneficially Be Projected Into Peace Time

By Ferdinand Tuohy

YOU probably saw the account of how victims of future shipwreck are going to have a much better chance of survival and of how, prior to their rescue, they will be spared a good deal of the worst suffering from thirst and exposure. The sea will still crucify, but not so often; the deliverance being due to a gadget that distils safe, drinkable water out of the sea itself, and to a fool-proof life-raft.

HOUSEWIVES want homes with adjustable inner walls so that second constructions of rooms can be arranged

The Keenan still is only twenty inches high by eight across. It has a tiny stove attached which burns anything in reach. Shipwrecked mariners of the immediate future will stretch out for some sea water—that used to drive them mad—distil it, heat it, and add a pill, and have hot cocoa in their squat, covered-in raft. A man can kick this raft into any sea; it dives, rights itself. You clamber in, open up things, and you are in a swell little lifeboat crammed with the vital requisites: compressed food and water in airtight containers, medicines, flare and smoke signals, oars, a mast and sail, and fishing tackle with dehydrated bait—and don't smile. In the Pacific nine men lasted thirty-four days in a raft, largely thanks to fishing.

Yes, you can trace directly to this war the end of a lot of ocean agony, for it all sprang from a gnawing urge to succour torpedoed seamen and airmen drifting in rubber dinghies. For each drowned mortal of peace time, ten, twenty were being lost now. The stimulus to save was greatly heightened.

Glance around and you will find other plus marks to the war. The process is nothing new, but it has never before been nearly so much developed.

WHATEVER happens, the farm worker is sure to be on the map, a definite gain in this now over-industrialised island

I do not mean to join the "Pollyana" birds. A "Pollyana" bird is one who fishes out the bright side of an earthquake and rotates among silver linings during a war. To listen to some of them this war might be in the nature of a boon, if a trifle queerly conceived. National health wrestled from endless tombs. Education and plenty wrung from incalculable grief and suffering. Fortunately it is not necessary to follow that kind of demockery in order to state an ungarnished fact: that we have already got hold of several concrete gains, either begotten or hastened by the war's impetus to invention and thought.

Take these years of being cooped up in Britain, and restricted. A massive off-duty boredom lay inherent. So people had to look elsewhere in substitute for their ready-made pleasures and gadding. Result: a vastly increased interest in reading, music, painting and the theatre. It is not so that the same thing occurred during the last war and then faded out. Domestically, that war was a circulating, hectic, lights-up affair beside 1940-43. Many may have turned to the above quartet, but they were few compared with those who've done so now. Lord Keynes has been the moving spirit of C.E.M.A. (Council for Encouragement of Music and the Arts), which should finish up in a civilised community as M.A.C. (Ministry of Art and Culture). Incidentally, may not a former *prima ballerina*, Lady Lopokova-Keynes, have been just a wee bit behind things?

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

The advent of the revealing documentary film may be linked with the foregoing gain. It breeds an interest in others, and the pursuit of fact. The questing mood, which has grown so, is mistaken for cynicism by people on the defensive.

Brand new industries have emerged from wartime discoveries and new processes. A number are on the secret list, but the following may be cited:—

> The technique of radiolocation, which will revolutionise peace time television and radio; the whole range of plastics; new building methods, and mass production generally.

We thought, in 1919, that we saw the Air Age directly ahead. That proved a mirage. But who can doubt that passenger and commercial air fleets will start on their courses as a result of the intense mechanical development of these years? Providing a magic carpet for one's job or pleasure (and not only for the well-off), and rushing urgent or light cargoes round the earth? Policing planes, too, will reach out to the spawning grounds of war plotters. The aeroplane has a lot to answer for. Its chance is nigh, notably beckoned by present perfecting of radiolocation and

(*Continued on page* 67)

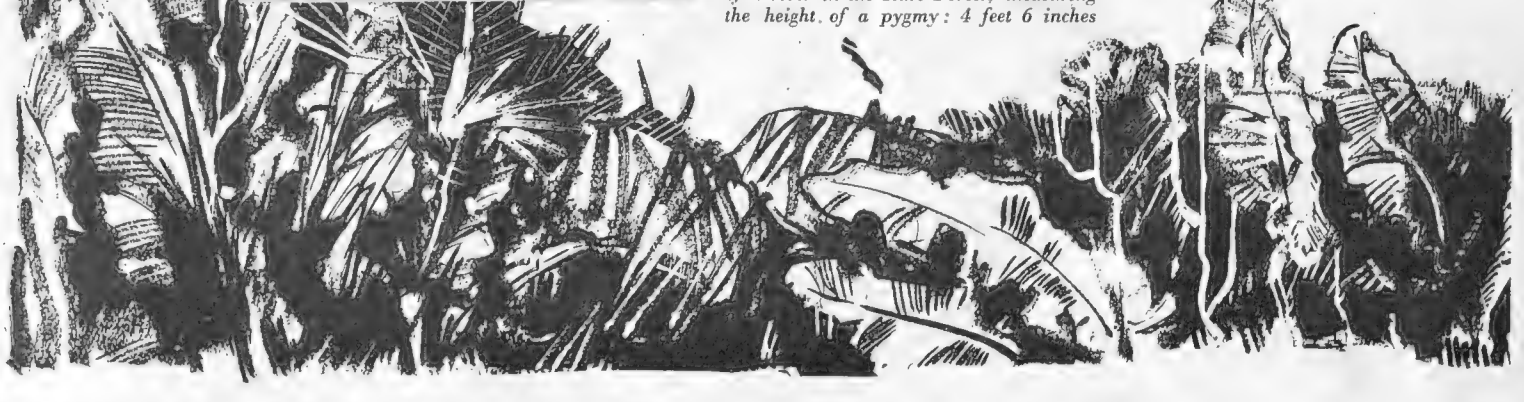
POSTWAR wardrobes are certain to be shaped by the present process of finding out what we can do without

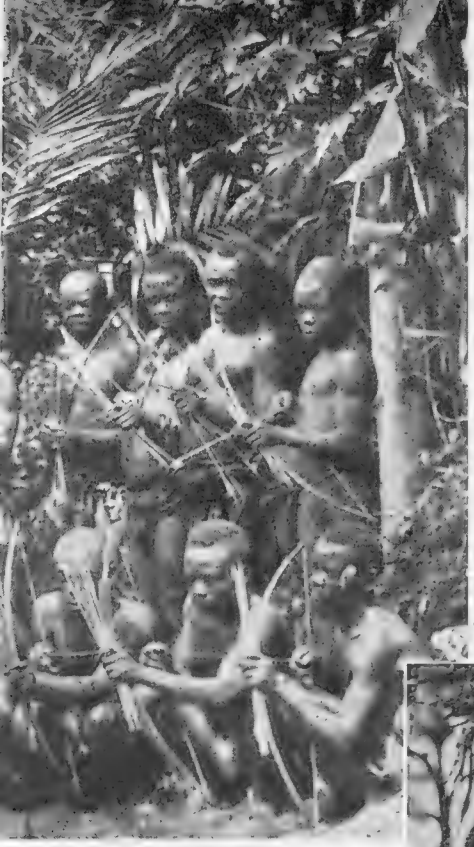
Jungle Harvest

IN driving across Africa on the good red roads that run from the gorilla country around Mt. Ruwenzori to that smart little metropolis of Stanleyville in the Belgian Congo, your course lies for a couple of hundred miles, through the Ituri Forest, the home of the pygmies. This forest is of trees about 150 to 200 feet high, with a dense wall of lower vegetation which hems you in on either side of the narrow road to a height of about forty feet. There is no colour in this everlasting green canyon other than one peculiar scarlet flower, like a burning orchid, of which you may see one occasional startling example about every ten or twenty miles. You see no animals—although there are elephants all around you—and, with the exception of some small, midget little figure, with a tiny bow and arrow-quiver, with some feathers sticking up in a fence around his head, you see very little of the pygmies.

But they are also all around you. You can average about forty miles an hour on most sections of this astonishing road, which has been built by the Belgian transport companies and copper mines. Frequently, much more frequently than you will ever actually see them themselves, you will come to a place where the bushes are still shaking—and you will know that a pygmy or an animal has just jumped inside. "Inside," it is significant that I should write that word automatically, when describing this never-ending wall of depressing jungle; for, once in its depths, in its secret sanctuaries, you are conscious all the time that its denizens, both man and beast, have, by the token of those still

PUTNAM, the rich American recluse, who has made his home on the banks of a river in the Ituri Forest, measuring the height of a pygmy: 4 feet 6 inches





A BAND of Ituri Forest pygmies with their bows and arrows. They are experts with this weapon upon which they depend for protection and food

With the Pygmies in Africa's Darkest Forest

By Negley Farson

trembling bushes, stepped back into a life that you can only conjecture.

The only breathing spaces in this "green hell," as it might be so rightly called, are on the banks of the streams and rivers. But these are numerous, sudden, often frustrating. You cross hundreds (it seems thousands) before you reach the banks of the great Congo River itself. The pygmies build "monkey" bridges across the more narrow of these waterways. They climb the forest giants and cut down those astonishingly long lianas, the rope-like creepers which dangle from the tree-tops hundreds of feet to the ground below. They fasten one of these to a high, overhanging branch of a tree by the stream—they then swing themselves, pendulum-wise, until they can clutch a complementary branch on the opposite side. Then with incredible nimbleness they weave a bridge of lianas, and are soon scampering across it—exactly like the monkeys you see (sometimes) racing cross-country along the upper branches of the forest.

I was wrong when I said you don't see any animals in this jungle; for, in this "upper life" of the jungle, you see these troops of our rude acrobatic forebears, swinging, leaping, falling, jeering. Yes, a monkey can jeer; and, to believe it, all you have to do is look up and see one of these cynical, interested human faces, its owner perched on a branch—watching you sweat to patch the big blow-out on your last tyre-casing; a necessarily successful bit of auto road work, if you ever want to get on to what is erroneously called civilisation.

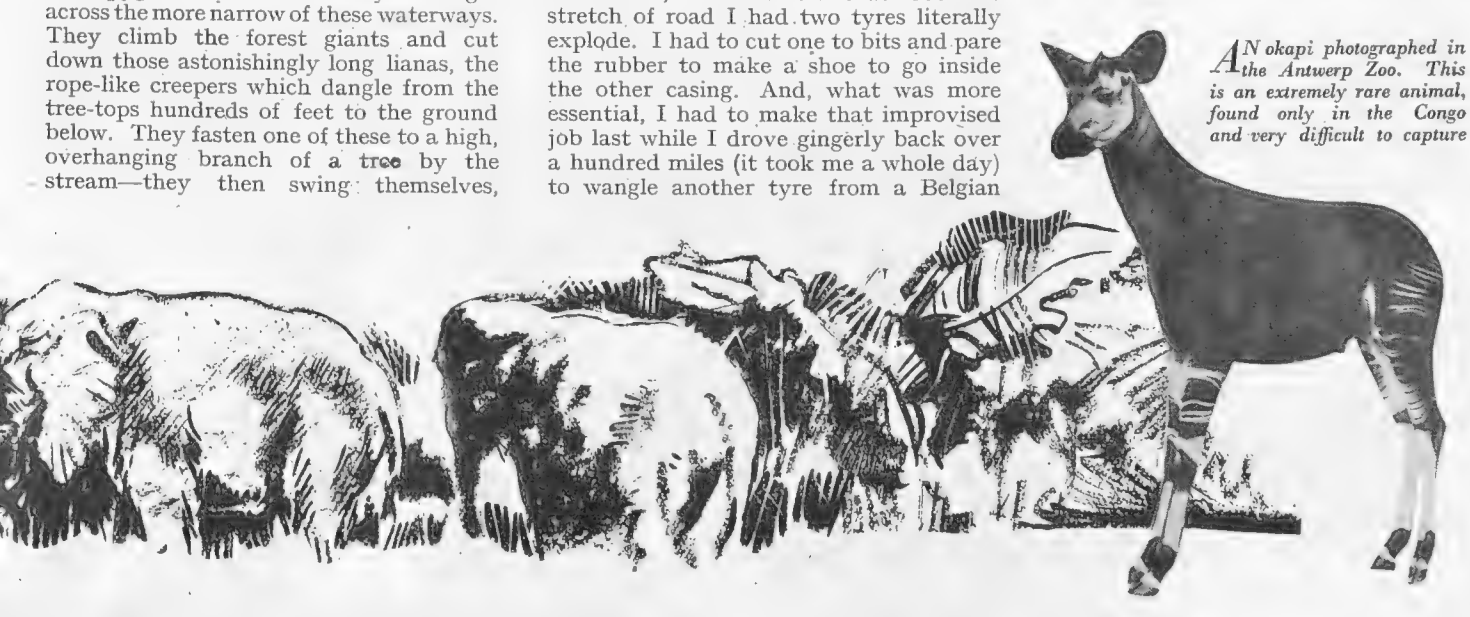
HAPPILY married. A couple of pygmies photographed after their wedding. Note the length of gun and the height of the pygmy

I know, because on that 500-mile stretch of road I had two tyres literally explode. I had to cut one to bits and pare the rubber to make a shoe to go inside the other casing. And, what was more essential, I had to make that improvised job last while I drove gingerly back over a hundred miles (it took me a whole day) to wangle another tyre from a Belgian transport rider, whom I found shaking, perhaps dying, in the fiercest stage of the worst malaria case I had actually encountered. Then I turned west again, out of the elephant grass country, into the deep forest—to find Monsieur Putnam.

PUTNAM is an American, brother of the publisher Putnam—who, in turn, is perhaps best known now as being the husband of the late American aviatrix, Amelia Earhart, lost somewhere on a last globe-encircling flight. This Congo-Putnam knows more about pygmies than any man living—more than even the pygmies know themselves. Reason being that Putnam has lived a recluse life on the banks of a river in the Ituri Forest for years and years. He has, as a Belgian Congo officer told me down at Lake Edward—"Pygmy trouble!" I was told that he was a queer cove, though, because although he could be very helpful to the Government (Belgian) in persuading the pygmies to bring in more beeswax—a very valuable Congo product—he was like as not to go off into the forest, disappear with the pygmies—"and none of them can be found!"

It was this turn-back to Imururu, to the grassy elephant country, and the delays at several rivers—on which I had to cross my car on rafts built of native dug-outs—that made me miss Putnam by thirty minutes. After driving hundreds of miles to see him, I slept that night in his house, on the west bank of a swift river beside which, with an enviable isolation, he had put up a thatched, cement-floored bungalow whose broad, cool veranda looked out past a tree whose scarlet candelabra hung over a broad river shining in the African sun.

Thirty minutes. The two boys he had left in the bungalow had been made to know what the face of the clock meant. I cursed my luck. The boys shook their heads, almost in terror, when I suggested that I would re-cross the river—and go on in search of their master. Evidently Putnam had guarded against such pursuit; the boys, despite my insistence, declared they didn't know which way their master had gone. They also sign-languaged (a bit rudely) that I hadn't one chance in hell of ever coming up with Putnam and the pygmies. But I *had* to have petrol, and I had hoped to stock up on food, at Putnam's place. This, another indication of Putnam's life and foresight, could, the boys told me, be at once supplied. And before that night was over I was actually glad that Putnam was absent while I lived in his place (*Continued on page* 58)



AN okapi photographed in the Antwerp Zoo. This is an extremely rare animal, found only in the Congo and very difficult to capture

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek, with the famous Soong sisters: Mme Chiang Kai-shek, Mme H. H. Kung, wife of the Finance Minister, and Mme Sun Yat-sen

The Dragon's Son

The Story of Chiang Kai-shek and his Wife, who acts as his Foreign Minister, Chief Propagandist and Personal Envoy

By C. Patrick Thompson

MME CHIANG KAI-SHEK talks to Lady Kerr, wife of Sir Archibald Kerr (now Ambassador at Moscow) at a garden party given by Mme Chiang Kai-shek in honour of her two sisters

"PASS thy wisdom on: inspire my children," grunted the old dragon in Tseng Kuo-fan's ear; and on the sun-dried mulberry parchment the ashen-yellow hand wrote: *"One must be persistent,"* and also: *"Fight to create your own world empty handed, for that is the way of a man of character."*

The bees hummed among the flowers in the garden. The venerable scholar-warrior sat lost in the long murmurous dream that is China. In the Lakes of the Starry Seas in the wild Tibetan highlands, the ancestral dragon had dwelt. The dragon was young when his children migrated from those sterile uplands to the fertile lowlands. They conquered and spread, until the virile dragon beamed paternally over a family domain stretching from the Siberian tundra to the Malay Peninsula, and from the Pamirs to the Himalayas.

But for centuries now the dragon had ailed. The seed of his loins was not what it was. In the twenty dynasties and 2,000 years stretching from the Ch'ins to the Manchus, only two of his own children had fought to the top and ruled the land from the Dragon Throne. The rest had been aliens—yellow-tinted, distant cousins, true, but intruders. When would another come, a true son of the old dragon?

Tseng Kuo-fan sighed, and with his brush wrote in the antique sign language of the mandarins: *"Above all, a man must master his environment and not be mastered by it."*

Tseng Kuo-fan passed to his fathers, but his maxims, written in the dragon's blood, became immortal. One day in the late 'nineties of the twentieth century, western-measured time, a thin but sinewy boy began to read them in Ningpo. They etched deep grooves in his mind. He was eleven, and around him the neighbours spoke angrily of trouble with the Germans, a white tribe on the other side of the world. Two Germans, priests of the western Christian cult, had been killed in Shantung. Promptly these white foreigners had seized the whole Kiaochow district, founded a colony there, the latest of a string planted by other foreign tribes, English, French, Russians, Japanese, on the coastal lands of China. Two years before, the Japanese had broken China's armies at Payong-yang, and China's fleet at the battle of the Yula.

"Fight to create your own world. . . ."

How was a man to do that in Manchu-ruled China, against barriers imposed by mandarins and millionaires, governors and officials? How might a man, patient, persistent, bold, master an environment set hard like a pattern on a porcelain vase?

"A man might dream of breaking the pattern on the vase." These words, dropped seed-like, blossomed in the youth's mind. It seemed that a hammer was already tapping. It was wielded by the hand of one Sun Yat-sen, a scholar-politician of Canton, backed by the millionaire Soongs. Sun had organised the Kuomintang, a party of nationalists. An armed revolt was brewing. In this movement, a bold man might go far.

The youth joined the local branch. He was allocated to a fighting squad. A former Manchu army officer trained them. He worked and studied eighteen hours a day. Sun's revolutionary activities interested the Japanese general staff, for reasons of their own. If Sun cared to send a few of his most promising young men over for military training. . . . The lean, hard farmer's son of Ningpo found himself embarked for Japan. On the parade ground of the Tokyo Military Academy he answered roll call:—

"Cadet Chiang Kai-shek?"

"Present."

His studies were not completed when the hour came in China, and the military leaders of the Kuomintang army were hastily recalled. Chiang's job was to lead the Shanghai battalion. He quickly won his battle against the local Manchu forces. A few months later on Sun Yat-sen (*Continued on page* 68)

MME CHIANG KAI-SHEK entertains Mr. Wendell Willkie to tea at Chungking, during his recent world-wide tour

Back Room Drama

It Was a Question of Give and Take—What a Man Owes to His Country and What His Country Owes to Him

By Barry Perowne

"WE get every imaginable war device submitted to us," the minister began, when his visitor was seated. "Thousands! Thousands! It's amazing, really, the number of people who think they've hit on the idea that will win the war!"

He paused for a moment, impressively. His visitor's eyes remained fixed upon him—light blue, intent eyes, behind horn-rimmed spectacles. He was a man of about thirty-eight, with a pale, sensitive face, and brown hair that fell forward a little, slanting across his forehead. His attitude, in the deep leather chair, was stiff, keyed up. At his feet was an oblong, black, wooden box, like a tool box.

The minister said: "I'm going to tell you now, quite frankly, Mr. Selwyn, that I've never seen our technical people quite so excited about anything as they are about this apparatus of yours."

Watching his visitor closely, he thought he saw a slight relaxation in his attitude.

"I'm not going into details with you," the minister went on; "that'll be for the technical people, later, when you get together. My interests, nowadays—to my regret—are purely administrative; and, if I may say so—human." He smiled upon his visitor benignly. "That's why I wanted us to have a chat before the technical people collar you. Won't you tell me something about yourself, Mr. Selwyn?"

"Something about myself?". Selwyn smiled faintly. He leaned forward with his elbows on the knees of his worn grey flannels, and linked his slim, rather fine hands, studying them. After a moment, he said, still faintly smiling: "As a matter of fact, this makes things rather easier for me."

He didn't explain that remark—and the minister's eyes rested for a moment on the black box. That, too, was unexplained.

"I was to have been a doctor," Selwyn was saying; "but my people ran into a little bad luck, financially, while I was still a student, and I had to drop that." He slightly lifted one shoulder. "I doubt whether I'd have been a good G.P., anyway. I was always a bit too interested in techniques. Laboratory, surgical—technique of any kind fascinated me: anything to do with my hands."

Again he studied them for a moment, critically—then gave a brief laugh.

"There was another reason why my medical fiasco wasn't altogether an unmixed misfortune. You see, I did what's generally held to be a rather silly thing to do while you're still a student. I got married."

SHE was in the music section — used to sing numbers over, in a little cubicle place, so that prospective purchasers could hear how they sounded

The minister stirred, with a slight impatience. What had he let himself in for? He was interested in the history of an invention, not in the history of a marriage. He was a busy man.

"My wife worked in a department store in the Strand," Selwyn said. "She was in the music section—used to sing numbers over, in a little cubicle place, so that prospective purchasers could hear how they sounded. It was—quite enchanting. You know. The privacy of that cubicle. And she had a charming voice."

He was looking fixedly at his hands. His lips pursed. He began gently to whistle. It was a haunting, far-away sound. The minister stiffened.

Selwyn glanced up at him. It was an odd glance—half shy, half cunning.

"I'm so sorry," he said. "I was telling you—— Yes. We kept our marriage secret, because—oh, there are quite a lot of complications for the married student. But when I had to finish with medicine, naturally I was able to finish with secrecy about my marriage—and that was a blessing. Or I thought so, at the time. I didn't understand, then, just how much of a disappointment it was to my wife."

The minister hinted gently: "Your invention——"

Selwyn seemed not to hear him. He was still, as he spoke, absently examining his hands.

"I had an uncle who was a chemist," he said. "I went in with him. It was quite a modest little chemist's shop, a long way out in the suburbs. Ultimately, I took it over from him. I kept up my laboratory work. I fixed myself up quite a practicable lab in the garden. I was doing research over a fairly wide field—particularly electro-dynamics. I was preoccupied and—selfish, I'm afraid. It was a long time before it began to dawn on me that my wife was disappointed in me—dissatisfied."

"Your apparatus——" the minister prompted, with a shade of impatience.

"Oh, yes," Selwyn said, "yes. I got on the trail of that quite soon after the war started. I was really just beginning to get a glimmer of what I had when they started putting up a factory not far away from us."

"A factory?"

"One of these hush-hush, war places," Selwyn said. "It went into production about six months ago. Our flat was quite large—we haven't any children—there were just the two of us. They billeted one of the factory people on us—a fellow called Grier, Walter Grier—some sort of technical man. He was very keen on music." He glanced up at the minister suddenly. "Do you mind if I put on a little demonstration?"

Before the minister could answer, Selwyn had lifted the black box on to the desk.

"This is a little gadget of my own," he said, opening the box, "a species of dictaphone."

"Actually," the minister protested, "I think our technical people would probably be more interested. I——"

"Listen!" Selwyn said.

There was a faint scraping sound from the black box, as of a cylinder rotating against a needle.

"This is my wife playing, now," Selwyn said, as a piano sounded.

The minister recognised the theme as that which, a few minutes before, Selwyn had begun so softly, so absently to whistle. But after a few bars, the piano broke off, and a woman's voice said:—

"Do you know that one, Walter?"

"I don't think so," a man's voice answered. "Do sing it. It'll be a relief to both of us, after my brand of duet-playing. I'm not in the same street with you."

"How nice," the woman said, with a little laugh, "to be flattered again! It's been a long time——"

"I love your voice," the man said.

The woman began to sing. Abruptly, after a minute, Selwyn clicked the apparatus into silence.

The minister moistened his lips. He was embarrassed. He was conscious, also, of a faint apprehension. He wished his secretary, Jarvis, would come in, yet he didn't quite like to ring for him. This youngish, strange, intense man, Selwyn, was a crank, but he had something of the greatest possible value to the country, to the war effort. He must be humoured.

"Your wife," the minister said, "sings charmingly." He cleared his throat, made his tone brisk: "But now, to get back to your idea. You haven't told me yet how you first thought of it."

Selwyn said absently: "Oh, it just *grew*, you know—out of something quite different. One's best ideas do, don't you think?"

He had returned to his chair. He seemed to throw off, with an effort, a preoccupation which constantly was threatening to overcome him.

"The great difficulty, of course," he said, "was to experiment. You're aware of the principle of the thing. A small

"DARLING," *Grier's voice whispered. "I hadn't dared to hope. Darling——"*

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

JARVIS broke off sharply as there sounded again that faint scraping of the needle against the rotating cylinder in the black box

apparatus, small results; big apparatus, big results. But the thing's so utterly lethal that, even with the small apparatus I was using, my great problem was experimentation."

"I can appreciate the difficulty," the minister said. "But tell me. What were your feelings when you made that final experiment and knew for certain—at last—that your idea was an unqualified success?"

Selwyn said slowly: "I hardly know *what* I felt. As a matter of fact, I think almost my first thought was a sickening realisation that, in making that final experiment, I'd overlooked one quite vital point! It was so—so *utterly* vital that it almost led to my destroying my apparatus there and then!"

The minister was genuinely startled at this.

"That would have been a catastrophe—for *all* of us! May I ask what the point was—or is it purely technical?"

"It's not technical at all," Selwyn said. "It—as I came to see, when I thought it over, more calmly—it involves the whole question of what a man owes to his country."

"Surely," the minister said indulgently, "there can be no question about *that*? In wartime, he owes *everything*! You had in your possession an apparatus——"

"There's also the question," Selwyn interrupted, with that curious, half-shy, half-cunning glance, "of what his country owes to a man who furnishes it with such an apparatus as mine."

The minister said heavily: "You will not find your country ungrateful, Mr. Selwyn, I promise you that. Of course, the value of such an apparatus, in wartime, is scarcely to be computed in terms of *money*! You know, and I know, that it's quite priceless! But——"

He checked as a knock sounded at the door. It opened, and his secretary came in. The minister was relieved, but he was careful not to show it. He pretended irritation.

"What *is* this, Jarvis? You know I'm engaged."

"I'm sorry, sir," the secretary said. "I thought perhaps you'd like to see this report, which just came in." His glance was meaning. "It's urgent."

"Excuse me, Mr. Selwyn," the minister said.

He placed his horn-rimmed spectacles carefully on his nose and glanced at the paper. As he read the first few lines, his inside constricted. He glanced across, almost furtively, at his visitor—and Selwyn smiled, suddenly and strangely.

"Why do you look at me like that?"

"My dear Mr. Selwyn," the minister said, "I——"

Selwyn cut him short. "I think I can guess what's in that report. This is very fortunate, really—very fortunate! I wonder if perhaps Mr.—er—Jarvis might read it aloud?" (*Continued on page* 65)

A London Peep Show

By

Harry J. Greenwall

Across the way, concerts, grand concerts, in the National Gallery

FROM my window in Mayfair I literally saw the balloon go up. It rose into a clear blue sky, with the sunshine on its grey-blue skin, and it flapped its Dumbo-like ears so comically that I had my first laugh in a long time.

When you are a Londoner born and come back to your city after many weary years, you are at first more inclined to weep than to laugh. Then the wonder of it all stuns you with its amazing side shows; for, after six weeks, I see my city as the greatest show on show, and I don't use the word "show" as the late Mr. Phineas Barnum used it; not an exhibition of clowns and freaks, but a peep show, and the greatest of those. It is the most marvellous free show I have ever seen. So now, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, walk up to my London Peep Show, all free, gratis and for nothing, as the old-time throw-aways had it.

In Berkeley Square no nightingale sings, but a number of hefty-looking Home Guardsmen are practising grenade throwing. The parks, the squares, the recreation grounds are part of the Revolution of London. I own no copyright in that title; I hope some day someone will write a book about it: sing a song of London, after the blitz, while the mark of the beast is yet visible on our fair city. Is there anything more beautiful in Europe to-day than Piccadilly, with the railings gone from Green Park? The *Bois de Londres*, as these things sound so much better in French, but you know what I mean. What a show, what a panorama of sylvan beauty; the country alongside a London thoroughfare. For once one can use the tag: *rus in urbe* with sincerity.

AT the top of Constitution Hill there are so many peep-holes, one doesn't know which way to turn. Bluebells, crocus, daffodils, fruit trees in blossom; thrushes sounding their throaty spring-like notes; ducks diving comically in the lakes. Here some crusty old clubman puts down my article and says: "But it was always *there*!" Of course it was, my dear man, that's just my point; it was always *there*, but we never saw it. All that beauty, all that loveliness, hidden from us behind nasty old iron railings. Then came the Revolution of London, and hey, presto, it is all revealed to us.

But not to us alone. What about those hundreds and hundreds of foreigners in uniforms who colour our streets? They are part of the London Peep Show, true, and yet, when they go home to their liberated countries, they will carry with them not only memories of London's hospitality, but flat contradictions of the age-old legends of fog-bound London, dripping umbrellas and soggy vegetables.

The first time I saw French officers in uniform strolling about our streets, I wanted to nudge a neighbour, but London took it calmly; London was used to it and I was not. It was less excited than I at the sight of a group of limping French sailors, come upon unexpectedly near Victoria; men wounded no doubt in some sea scrap in far-away waters.

Never, outside of Moscow, have I ever seen so many women smoking in the streets, and the number of women smoking in the London streets far exceeds anything I ever saw in Russia.

Women in uniform; what a show! An Ats girl arm-in-arm with a Tommy; khaki clinging to khaki. A Wren with her sailor mate; girls in Waaf blue, mundane to you, but how thrilling to this writer, Women in slacks, hundreds and hundreds of them. So what? you ask. Why, I was sensationalised not (*Continued on page* 56)

LONDON was less excited than I at the sight of a group of limping French sailors, come upon unexpectedly near Victoria

AN ATS girl arm-in-arm with a Tommy; khaki clinging to khaki

Old Tales Re-told

The Amazing Adventures of Catalina de Erauso

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

ALMOST up to modern times, so limited and circumscribed has been the circle of feminine activity that those whose ambitions embraced a wider field were invariably compelled to disguise their sex and elbow their way through the world without the encumbrance of a petticoat.

Liberty, without rebellion against society, was for a woman a practical impossibility. The world has been very slow in granting full privileges to the female sex.

However, in spite of their restrictions, there have been several who broke the bonds of convention and thereby became famous. Among the most picturesque was Catalina de Erauso, the Nun-Ensign.

Born in 1585 at San Sebastian, in Guipuzcoa, Spain, she was put into a convent when four years old. There she was reared in the strict seclusion of the holy precincts, in order that she might be moulded into a nun before she had had a glimpse of the outside world. But Catalina, it seems, was not to be so easily moulded as had been hoped. For nine years she obeyed without complaint, but also without conviction. Far from becoming resigned to spending all her life behind convent walls, she felt all the time that her sojourn there was but temporary. Nature does not change, even under the stern discipline of the

One day Doña Catalina de Aliri, for a mere trifle, smacked the face of the young novice

"She clasped me in her arms so tightly that I had to use force to get away"

She went on with her rough life, sometimes looting the Indians as all her kind did, miracle escaped with her life when the Spaniards

cloister, and the vitality of adolescence was accumulating energy for the inevitable outburst.

At fifteen she was at the end of her novitiate, strong and well-developed, a true daughter of Spain. It was then that the hostility between herself and a professed nun, Doña Catalina de Aliri, produced the spark that caused the explosion. One day, for a mere trifle, this nun smacked the face of the young novice. The action was deeply resented by the girl, and it gave rise to the wish to escape from her bondage. Till then, possibly, she had not really been aware of this desire in herself; but now she began to look for an opportunity. It was not long before one came her way. Let me quote from her own biography a description of the episode that was to be the turning-point of her life:

"It was the night of March 18th, 1600. She called me and handed me the key of her cell, telling me to fetch her breviary. I went to get it, opened the door and saw the convent keys hanging on a nail. I left the door open when I took the key and the breviary to her, then I asked leave to retire with the excuse of being unwell. All the nuns were in the choir, so I went back to the open cell, took the convent keys, a pair of slippers, some thread and needles and some money which was there. I set about opening and shutting doors until I came to the last one which led on to the street. Casting from me my scapular, I went out into the highway without ever having seen it before or knowing which way to turn."

For a while she went on, simply following the deserted road, impelled by the necessity to put a safe distance between herself and the convent. Then she saw a thick plantation of chestnut-trees, an ideal place to hide, at least till morning. At dawn she could see that the spot was well chosen, and so she set about altering her attire. She was wearing a skirt of blue cloth, out of which she made a pair of breeches. Out of her green linsey petticoat she made a doublet and a pair of gaiters. Her long, dark hair she cut off and strewed amongst the bushes. This work took her three days, during which time she lived upon herbs. Then she went on, despite the heavy tax on her strength, until she reached Vittoria, twenty leagues away.

We next find our Catalina, under the name of Francisco Loyola, employed as a page or lackey in several succeeding places. Like every boy of that age, she took up fencing, which became her favourite exercise and at which she was so adept that she could hold her own with any man.

Her quick temper caused her to be imprisoned for a month at Bilbao, after a quarrel with some youth whose head she had gashed with a stone. In the same year, 1605, she sailed for the New World as a boy on the ship of Don Luis Faiardo. Now twenty years old, she had to be very careful not to undress in company during the voyage, nor to do anything which might entail the awkward punishment of a flogging. The hardships of life at sea made her still tougher in body and spirit, and when her ship attacked and destroyed a nest of Dutch pirates at Salina de Araya on the South American coast, she gave proof of great personal courage, going through her "baptism of fire" like a veteran.

An amusing episode marked her stay in Panama where, as "Francisco," she was employed by the trader Juan de Urquiza to manage his store. Two new suits were given her, and she conducted the business admirably. Amongst the favoured customers was the beautiful young Doña Beatriz de Cardena, for whom old Juan nursed a deep but hopeless attachment. He gave her unlimited credit and told Francisco to treat her with special regard. But there is no rose without a thorn; and in this case the thorn was Doña Beatriz' own nephew, a youth by the name of Reyes. This boy behaved most objectionably towards Francisco, who returned his hatred wholeheartedly.

ONE day in a public place young Reyes insulted Francisco abominably, with the result that the latter's fiery temper exploded, and "he" slashed Reyes across the face and then ran him through the body with his rapier. After this he ran to take refuge in a church near by. Reyes' wound was luckily not fatal; nevertheless, the Alquazil disregarded the

cheating and and by a were defeated

sanctuary of the church and dragged Francisco off to gaol.

Such unprecedented disrespect for the holy precincts roused the bishop to fury, and a lively conflict developed between the two parties.

It was eventually decided that the culprit should be taken back to the church to await trial. Meanwhile, old Juan de Urquiza, who had grown very fond of his employé, tried everything he knew to get Francisco out of this trouble. As a last resort, a brilliant idea occurred to him. He knew that the day would come when some young man would marry his beloved Doña Beatriz; so, since he had to lose her, anyway, he saw no reason why she should not marry Francisco.

In this way she would remain one of the family circle, and the quarrel with Reyes would be amicably settled.

He went at once to the church to reveal his plan to Francisco. The reader may well imagine what the latter thought about it! Nevertheless, "he" concealed his feelings, for he felt quite sure that Doña Beatriz would never consent to the arrangement.

The Mayor crept round to the wooden hut where Catalina lived and spied on her while she was taking a bath

It was thought better that Francisco himself should go, under cover of darkness, to acquaint Doña Beatriz with the plan. So Francisco, never dreaming of the consequences that would follow, set out for her residence.

Once in her presence he began humbly and apologetically to explain the absurd scheme of his employer. However, quite contrary to his expectations, Doña Beatriz' beautiful eyes grew brighter and brighter—for to marry Francisco was the deepest wish of her heart. In a frenzy of joy she locked the door and begged him to remain there for fear of the police and never to leave her again. Here are the words of Catalina's memoirs:

"She locked me in, vowing that I should pleasure her, though the Devil himself said nay. She clasped me in her arms so tightly that I had to use force to get away."

What a strange whim of fate that Providence should award the affections of Doña Beatriz to the one who had most reason on earth to refuse them! Francisco succeeded in getting free from the clinging hands of the amorous creature and made

good his escape. Managing to evade the police as well, he went to Trugillo. Here he found himself confronted once again with Reyes, eager to avenge the affront to his aunt. He had with him a crowd of supporters, and they all attacked Francisco, whose life now depended upon the speed and dexterity with which he used his rapier.

The affray was sharp and ended in tragedy. Francisco's blade transfixed one of Reyes' friends. Again Francisco had to take refuge in a church, but this time he did not stay there so long. He escaped and went to Lima, the famous city founded by Pizarro some seventy years previously.

The city had a population of about 100,000 people, of whom two-thirds were women and the remaining third half-Spaniards and half-Indians. This unhappy state of affairs naturally put a high value on a man so far as the opposite sex was concerned, and the tall, strong and agile Francisco could not hope to escape attention. Knowing that he was in for trouble, he therefore tried to keep up the deception of his disguise by behaving with the gallantry of a typical Spanish youth, and making love to young girls and widows alike.

In Lima he found work, but for varying reasons the conditions were difficult. Episode followed episode in which he had to use force to escape from the clutches of some enamoured lady. Strangely enough, he—or *she*, as one should properly say—never seemed to fall in love herself, but seemed almost sexless. Quite at ease with men, but nervous and perplexed when with women, afraid of being thought a freak of nature because she could not respond to any amorous advances, she decided to enlist.

Six companies were raised in Chile, and she joined under the name of Alonzo Ramirez Diaz de Guzman. If fighting were to be her destiny, she thought, let it be in the company of soldiers, a soldier herself. . . .

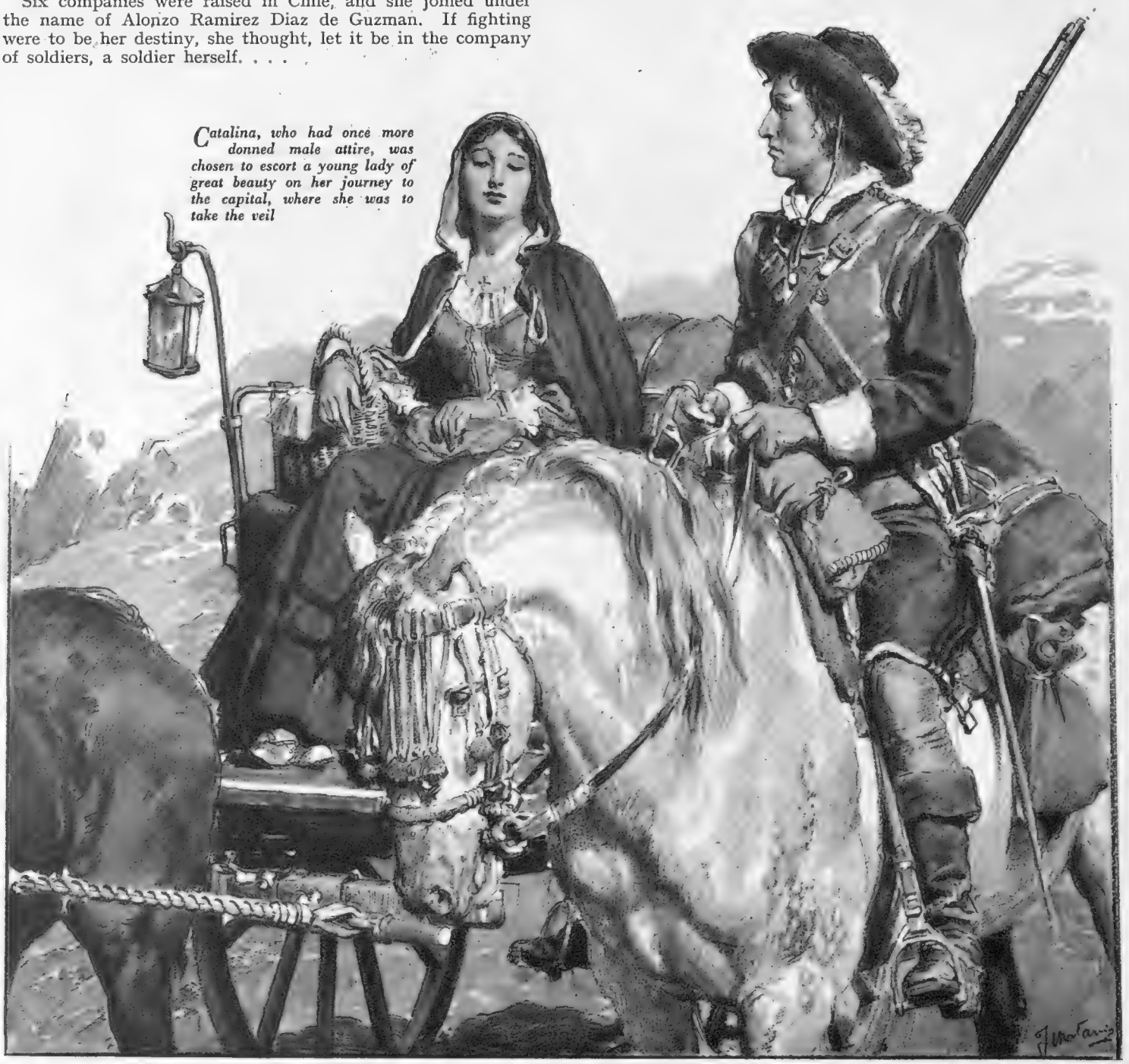
Her vicissitudes when she wore the breastplate of a warrior, exposed to every sort of danger and the cunning of the native Indians, have been told in the crowded pages of her biography. She always succeeded, however, in avoiding any risk of revealing her true sex, even when wounded.

Fate brought her once face to face with her brother Miguel, whom she had not seen since she was two years old. He told her the story of his young sister who had vanished so mysteriously from the convent; but she did not reveal her identity even to him.

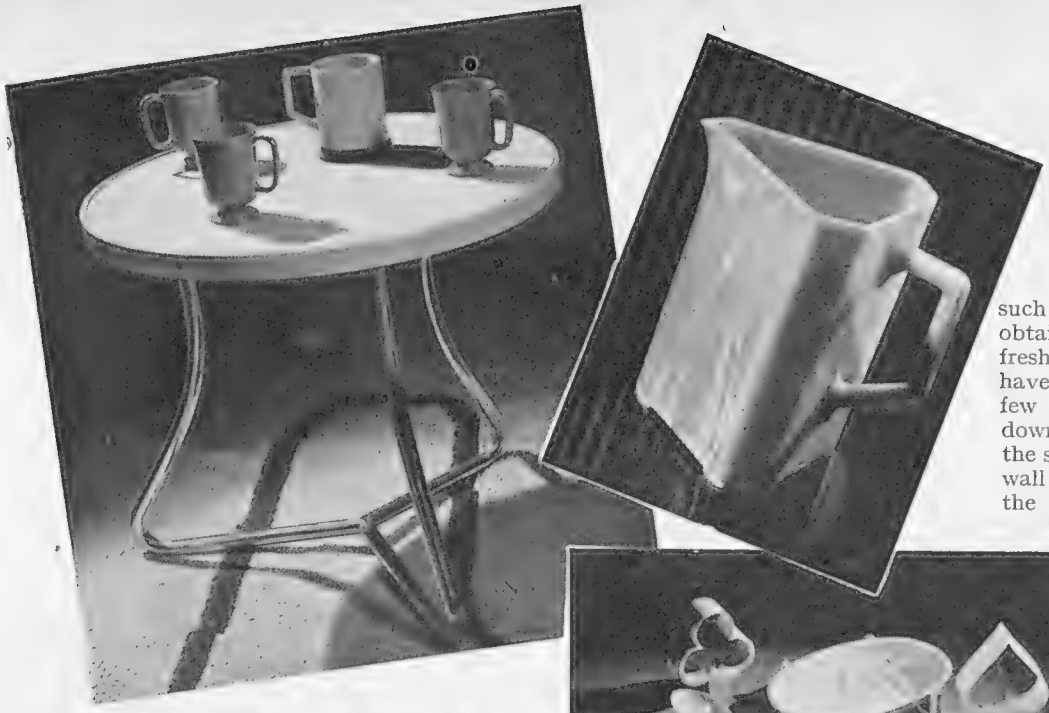
She went on with her rough life, trying her hand at gold-mining, sometimes cheating and looting the Indians as all her kind did, and by a miracle escaped with her life when the Spaniards were defeated. Later she lost through insubordination her rank of ensign, and being compelled to live on her wits, she joined forces with a band of outlaws, but did not remain with them for long. She re-entered the army, where her conduct this time proved admirable.

Fate, however, had now decided to end the masquerade which she had kept up so successfully. It came about through another affray with the police. Cornered by the Corregidor, she was fighting like a demon, when the bishop interfered and ordered the combatants to desist. He himself undertook the responsibility of Catalina's detention, and he took her to his own home. It then came to light that there were many other charges against Ensign Guzman. . . .

Now Catalina knew that as an escaped nun she could be legally held to be a prisoner of the Church, *not* of the police. So she made a clean breast of her (*Continued on page* 56)



Catalina, who had once more donned male attire, was chosen to escort a young lady of great beauty on her journey to the capital, where she was to take the veil



A GROUP of plastic utensils which includes a table, the top of which needs no polishing, will not chip or splinter and is not stained by spilt liquids. The tankards assure a cool drink and last far longer than glass and china. The moulded jug is chip proof, and the teaspoons, pastry cutters and soap dish are good simple designs of enduring quality

The Magic of Plastics

By T. S. Douglas

THE world historian of a thousand years hence describing the middle of the twentieth century may well ignore wars, revolutions and economic disasters and state that the period saw the dawn of the Age of Plastics. To him the second World War and the great political changes will seem, perhaps, insignificant beside the introduction of a new basic material destined to revolutionise world economy. Those periods when man first learned to fashion iron and copper were, no doubt, marked by bloody strife, famines, peace treaties which seemed to the men who experienced them immensely more important than the discovery, hardly known to the vast majority, of a new material from which to fashion weapons, tools and utensils. To us the victories and defeats of that era are lost in the limbo of time. But the discovery of the basic metal and its use we immortalise by calling the period the Iron Age.

The Age of Plastics is already upon us, revolutionising our methods of building, industry and even transport, about to change even our fashions and most personal habits. Because it has come gradually, we hardly realise that the changes it is bringing are comparable to those that accompanied the discovery of iron, the taming of steam power or the invention of the internal combustion engine.

Glance, for a minute, into the home of the near future and see the changes that plastics have wrought. The first thing that strikes you, perhaps, is how clean the house looks, not only inside but outside. The grime that marks everything within miles of our centres of industry is missing. The secret is plastics. The walls are plastic, with a hard, polished surface that is washed clean by the rain but remains unaffected by sunshine and weather. The plastic curtains, as soft and pliant as those once made from natural silk, are completely dust, dirt and grease resisting. One of the children, perhaps, has spilled a glass of water on the tablecloth. It ran off as if the textile were of metal, fell on to a carpet equally resistant to liquids, and was simply scooped up, leaving tablecloth and carpet unmarked.

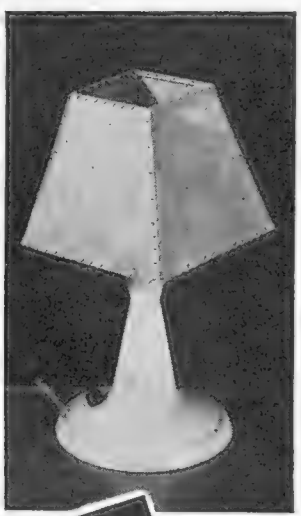
The housewife showing you round is wearing a plastic apron. It has not been washed, in the 1943 sense of the word, for weeks. "Washing" in this new age means simply wiping off such dust and grease as have somehow obtained a footing. The curtains, as fresh as on the day they were first hung, have been washed in the same way in a few minutes without even being taken down. Their colours have not faded in the sun. Lift up a picture hanging on the wall and instead of the familiar fading of the wall surface behind, you find it impossible to distinguish the part the picture covered.

Perhaps you drop the picture accidentally. Instead of shattering, the glass remains intact. The large frame retains its shape, although you would have thought the severe blow might break the corner joins—until you see there are no joins, that the frame is one piece of plastic. Plates and even knives, forks and spoons you find are made of a material which has a polished surface that no chemical in food affects.

And so you go round the house, that is plastic from its highly polished and unscratched "parquet" floor to the windows in the roof whose "glass" is not only unbreakable, but also admits the health-giving ultra-violet rays which ordinary glass had for centuries shut out of every house in the kingdom.

Your hostess, perhaps, takes you to the garage to see the new car. In design it is futurist and you are struck by its size and roominess, compared to the cars of the 'thirties. The whole upper coachwork is transparent, with no pillars obscuring the view from any position. Windscreen and sidescreens are made of one piece of material, as transparent as glass but strong as steel plating. No speck of rust appears anywhere on the car—or can appear, for there is no metal to rust. The highly polished surface is almost scratchproof.

You ask (*Continued on page* 61)



ANOTHER selection of plastic work for use in the home. The kitchen draining board is hygienic, non-absorbent and easily washed, the table lamp of which the base is moulded and the shade cut from Beetle laminated sheet, whilst the bowl of Beetle transparent holds a brightly coloured doll, the first one made in non-inflammable thermo-setting plastics

The Friendly Elephant

A Story Which We Think All Our Readers Should Be Told

By

Eric Baume

WHEN the sergeant air-gunner from Somerset came back into the ward with the beer, the two cheerful orderlies, Ben and Bim, were giving the Burned Beanstalk their portion of the works. Nurse Ffrench smiled at the Burned Beanstalk as she dabbed alcohol where her gentle needle had begun its anæsthetising. A bandaged hand twittered a little as it moved on the coverlet, for this was a house of pain and a man's hand had to pluck a touch from the Infinite to be steadied.

But not now, the Beanstalk told himself. "Afterwards when I begin to dream again about the island of Dr. Moreau there's time to pick at the sheet. I wonder whether I'll do it as much as I did after the eighth?" A nerve rebelled at the junction of the graft leading from his arm to his face. Nurse Ffrench seemed to sense it was niggling at him.

"It'll go off in a minute, Beanstalk," she said. "In any case, by the time the boys get you through the ward you'll be properly out."

What portion of his face could smile at her from beneath his bandages, smiled. She was a young Canadian, always ready to pretend that she was angry when the sergeant pilots and burned ground staff called "Lieutenant" at her from any bed what time they were conscious.

As for the Burned Beanstalk, he was settling comfortably to that kind of sleep which allows the body to move slowly downwards into the mattress in warmth and colourless comfort. It was only when Ben called in his ear: "We're off, stiff. And you're still my stiff, but I won't bet on bringing you back, stiff. What flowers do you want this time?" that he muttered the joke which had carried him through nine grafting operations.

"Cauliflowers. What the hell do you think?" And then he was asleep. The Burned Beanstalk barely felt the sergeant air-gunner's touch on his once charred hands as, with Ben at his head and Bim at his feet, he was rattled away to the knife of miracles.

THE Burned Beanstalk had been in the sergeant air-gunner's bomber. Nothing romantic had happened. There had been some trouble in getting down through cloud after a dull, ordinary operational flight, but everything seemed to blaze at once and, of the five, two lived. An emotional Irish doctor paid out of his own pocket for daily half-bottles of champagne for each of them. For nine months he told his colleagues that people grilled like a pre-war porter-house should never have lived, but that as far as he was concerned, the only decent thing out of Vichy would keep them alive as long as his credit was good at the stores.

"Sure," he said, "the tall fellow, he was like a burned beanstalk when he came in. The ends of his fingers were dripping like tallow from a candle, and one eye was gone and the other was roasted, but he can see from it and he's going to live, I think. He's got a bit more face left than the air-gunner."

So the Burned Beanstalk was christened. Between operations he used to tell the doctor of his fingers and the cartoonist's pencil he hoped to hold again. Once the doctor wept and was led away by Nurse Ffrench. He had guided a pencil into the slowly healing fingers; the burned tendons had gripped for a second and then relaxed; the lead pencil dropped and what remained of the Burned Beanstalk's chin had quivered just so slightly.

But now it would be the last operation and the Beanstalk would bud again and he would face life without having to go into a circus to exhibit the gifts he had made to his country.

"Bloody lot of noise Ben makes, doesn't he?" asked the sergeant air-gunner of Jake the Canadian, and Percy the Australian, for whom the beer had been brought.

"He's going good-oh," said Percy the Beanstalk.

"Yeah, he'll be O.K.," said the Canadian.

The Canadian had no feet at all. The miracle man who ran this hospital near a little English town where the ale is still brown and people are proud of their vowels, was doing a job on him as good as that he had done on old Mrs. Fogarty. She had fallen on a fire in an epileptic fit. She had nothing left but her jawbones, as far as the eye could see. The sergeant air-gunner, walking through her ward, always pressed her hand, bent over her and watched the new face being made.

"Sure, I'll be as fat-faced as Winston," was Mrs. Fogarty's great jest. Her joy in life was the hand-clasp, the gentle squeezing welcome of inmates and visitors alike, whom she would never see; whom equally she would never forget.

The Australian had half a foot and half a face. In aeroplanes things burn quickly,

THERE had been some trouble in getting down through cloud, but everything seemed to blaze at once, and of the five, two lived

WITH Ben at his head and Bim at his feet, he was rattled away to the knife of Miracles

glass shears silently. Soon the Australian would have what would be useful enough for a whole foot, and the youthful contour of the left side of his face, tanned by the sun and surf at Cronulla, by Sydney, would be balanced on the as yet indescribable right.

The air-gunner opened the beer. Nurse Ffrench, breaking all the rules as usual, had a mug. The guy from Denver, Colorado, woke up in the next bed with a shaft of sunshine across his face, and demanded his share which, with abuse, was given him.

"Why don't you get another bloody sea-gull?" asked the Australian.

This was a gentle reminder to the Colorado kid that in eleven days out in the Channel in a rubber dinghy, he had had nothing but a few lozenges and the blood of a sea-gull.

"That durned sea-gull," he used to say, "just kinda walked up to me and made a li'l speech. It said: 'I'm a representative of the good Lord and you won't hurt me by wringin' my neck because I'm here for you.'"

That blood saved his life. But even the blood and his courage could not stop the gangrene in his feet. The miracle man was building him new ones.

The sergeant air-gunner leaned against the door and drank his beer, slowly. At last he could drink it as he wanted, through the side of his half-formed mouth.

In the two years since the Battle of Britain his hands had been free only during his first unconsciousness and at the first thigh graft. Since then one of his arms had always been attached to another portion of his body with a great hopeful sausage of living flesh; and for months an arm had been fastened, with his own living material, to his face. That had been uncomfortable. He thought of it casually as he sipped his beer. He remembered how he had been given strength by a "perpetual patient" whom the miracle man always called Lily. Lupus, not Luftwaffe, had brought her to the operating theatre. After every operation, once afoot, she followed her routine of cinema on a Saturday and chapel on a Sunday, no matter in what grotesque splintings her arms were pinioned, nor what picture she presented to a world obsessed with the symmetrical.

The Colorado kid drank his beer and returned to sleep. The Australian went back to his law book in his chair—out of bed for a change. A big black-haired sister came in to dress the Canadian's leg and pull it. The sergeant air-gunner still leant, savouring penultimate beer drops. The Canadian called to him:—

"I wouldn't hesitate a minute, pal. That's true. The big shot said you could. Why don't you?"

The sergeant air-gunner put down his enamel mug and looked at the nursing sister. She nodded and went on with the dressing.

"The big shot did give you permission," she said. "It's a beautiful day. Go down town for a walk. Throw your arms about so you can feel they're not fastened to anything. And look into yourself—*into*, I said. Not at the people beside you."

The sergeant air-gunner lit a cigarette and nodded. In the ward it was growing peaceful again. It would be peaceful still

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

when the Burned Beanstalk came back, breathing perhaps a little stertorously, to wake, as usual, a little gallantly.

"O.K.," said the sergeant air-gunner. That settled it. He borrowed a cap from a Polish pilot who was fast asleep and would be asleep for ever by morning—a dear little dark chap, who used his Polish-English dictionary only to find what bad words he could use to Germans.

The sergeant air-gunner walked past the library, down by the operating block, and by the kitchens. There an air force sergeant cook enjoined him to have an extra pint for the cooks. Then he was down on the hill which led to the village.

The blue-white rays of England's autumn sunshine caressed, where the the bandages left each free, his head and his neck. The sergeant air-gunner walked erect, swinging his arms almost at parade gait, so that an old scar from a forgotten graft on his left arm burned him for a second reminiscently. His left eye was entirely covered by bandage, and there was a glow of red new blood by the cheek. This was from the recent fastening of his elephant's trunk of living flesh, which was sewed and stitched and sutured from the bridge of where his nose had once been, swung round like the trunk of an elephant until it disappeared into bandages. The wrinkles of incurable burns and the harshness and roughness of drawn, discoloured skin, contrasted with the yellowish whiteness of the trunk. His right eye shone uncompromisingly blue around and above the macabre shape of the face. Yet, after a few more operations the proboscis, under the miracle man's fingers, would give place to a fine-cut nose, and there would be lips to smile with and cheeks which would be human and meet to be caressed.

The miracle man had said to him: "I'm going to send you soon, in between your final operations—and by George you're a good case—to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, so you can do a light job and not think too much of your raving beauty."

The sergeant air-gunner had broken down then, as Somerset men do, only for a second. He had not been amazed to find the hand of the miracle man as comforting as that of the mother who was portion only of a childhood memory dream.

The miracle man had gone on: "I'm not letting you out to any exhibition groups. I don't want you standing up at some West End fashion show with well-meaning women who think they're doing good works by exhibiting you. I want you to feel that you have a right to walk alone among people—perhaps far more right than they have to walk by you. That's the right you earned in the Wimpey." (*Continued on page* 62)

"*MUMMY, Mummy! It's just like the storybook. Look! There it is, the fwiendly ephalump*"

Written and Illustrated by

Laurel Pascal

1 *STACKS of gold. An adequate supply of home-grown herbage seed is a vital need, a need that must be met*

2 *THRESHING in progress. If the water supply is some distance off, keeping the churns full of water will keep one man fully occupied*

3 *THE threshed hay making its exit from the machine and being pitchforked away to form a new stack*

4 *THE master of ceremonies resting on sacks of seed. Professional threshers tour the districts where herbage seed has been grown. Land girls usually work with the outfit but the engine driver and feeder are always skilled men*

Winning The Battle Of The Fields

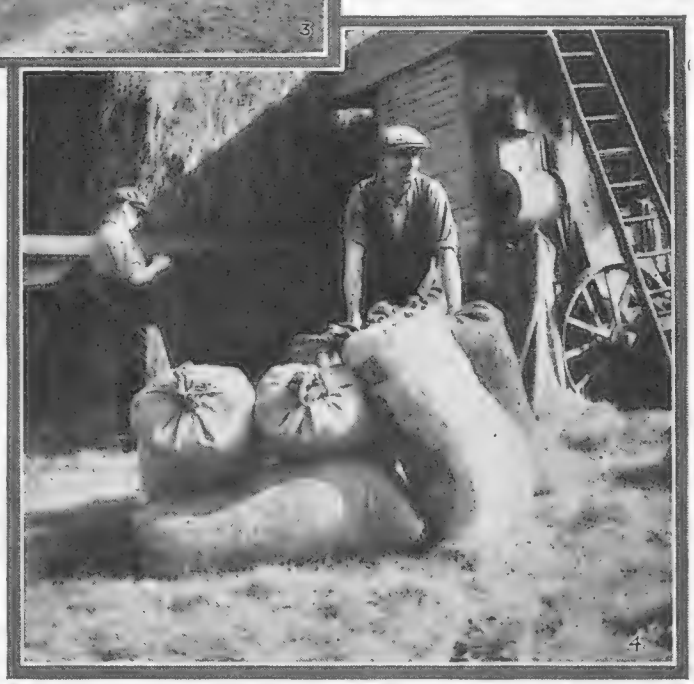
ALL wartime food crops make international news, of course, for upon the success of our home and empire harvest, tremendous issues depend.

Big battles are already being fought—and won—in the small rich fields of England; battles against time, labour shortage and the weather; battles fought with great good humour in an atmosphere of rural peace that even barbed wire on the sky-line, or nearby anti-aircraft batteries, or searchlight posts, do little to destroy.

In addition to the more usual crops of wheat, oats and barley, there is a big drive on to encourage farmers to grow more herbage seeds—alsike, rye-grass, red and white clovers—crops that, before the war, were the exception on most farms, rather than the rule. For although the bulk of rye-grass seed output for the world has been produced in Northern Ireland—England and Wales together produced very little herbage seed, relying on overseas producers for the main part of their supplies. Now, of course, these sources have practically dried up, and an adequate supply of home-grown herbage seed is a vital need, a need that must be met.

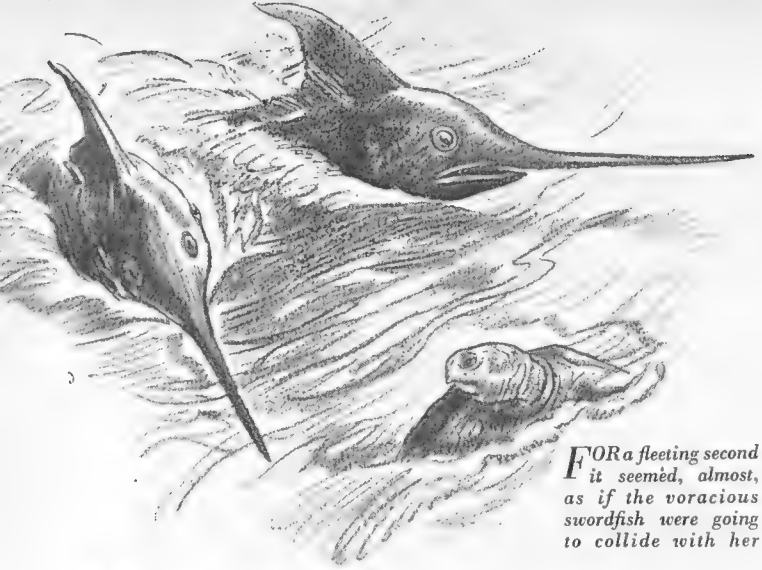
For example, because of the large acreage of permanent grassland now coming under the plough, the question of reploughing into leys—or temporary grass fields—is of the greatest possible importance. For this purpose alone large quantities of the right seed is needed, and the need grows more urgent with each year of war.

To keep prices of herbage seeds at a reasonable level growers must obtain seed crops of the highest seed yield, and it is in this connection that the National Institute of Agricultural Botany is helping the farmer with little, or no previous experience, to make a success of his herbage crops. This help takes the form of excellent, concise advisory booklets and pamphlets, Press notices, instructional films, and practical field demonstrations. Already thirty Seed Growers' Associations now exist in England and Wales, most of them formed since the war, and all integrated into a National Federation for the pooling of knowledge and experience and for the technical development of the industry. All this is very encouraging, and plus the fact that last year's clover harvest was a bumper one, proves that the British farmer is on his toes, able and willing to branch out in a new direction providing he has the necessary stimulus.



The gain to the country, as well as to the farmer, of this new increase in herbage crops, can hardly be exaggerated. Not only does the farmer find the crops financially worth the extra time and trouble involved in harvesting and handling the seed, but the crops themselves enrich his land, help to fatten his stock, and bring back (*Continued on page* 66)

Mistress



FOR a fleeting second it seemed, almost, as if the voracious swordfish were going to collide with her

BECAUSE the sea turtle couldn't possibly have graded a beauty prize, judged by human standards, didn't necessarily mean that she wasn't considered cute and seductive by masculine admirers of her kind. Square and bulky, and quite out of place in a streamlined age, she looked like something left over from prehistoric times. All of nine hundred pounds in weight, and with a long rubbery neck, thick legs and a blocky head, she was the General Sherman tank of the sea.

Designed for utility and longevity, rather than beauty, she carried her bomb-proof shelter about on her back in the shape of a thick shell called a carapace that was full four feet across. Then, as if that wasn't enough, nature had given her additional protection against any underwater blitz by fitting a bony plastron to her underparts.

Having just attained her fiftieth birthday the big reptile, for that is what she really was, was in the full flush of her turtlehood. In spite of this she wasn't happy. So many strange and disturbing adventures had overtaken her since she had last rubbed noses with her ponderous spouse in the depths of the Sargasso Sea she was as jumpy and jittery as a runaway box car.

Being more or less set in her ways, and loathing things that couldn't be readily grasped by her shallow mind, she was deeply resentful of the happenings that had so rudely upset her routine.

Heretofore, her yearly cruise through the translucent waters of the South Atlantic hadn't been marked, as far as she could remember, by anything more disturbing than a brush with sharks, an encounter, perhaps, with killer whales, and the odd tangle, or two, with a devil-fish.

Things had gone wrong from the very first. For no reason at all the whole world seemed to have turned upside down. And had her imagination been just a trifle sharper she might possibly have succumbed to panic and exhausted herself in purposeless flight.

She had expected storms, of course, stiff winds against which even her mighty thews could make no impression, and even mountainous seas that blinded and buffeted. But knife-prowed destroyers zigzagging across her course with blazing guns, and battleships belching fire and sound were something else again.

The memory of these startling experiences still deeply embedded in her shallow mind she was sprawling inertly in the sea, one morning, doing her best to forget them, when a pair of hunting swordfish, their back fins shearing through the water like scimitars, shifted their course and drilled down on her with accelerated speed.

For a fleeting second it seemed, almost, as if the voracious swordfish were going to collide with her, head on. Suddenly, discovering that their quarry was nothing more edible than a tough old turtle, they checked their rush in mid-air, so to speak, and shot away in another direction.

A flicker of amusement in her usually expressionless eyes, the turtle snuggled deeper into the inveigling arms of the sea. For the first time in weeks she was almost happy. Predatory swordfish, with spears poised for death, were familiar things, providing the necessary antidote to senselessly charging battleships and destroyers. With swordfish boiling about her she imagined that the South Atlantic might still be her *mare nostrum* after all.

Burping noisily, she stretched out her muscular neck to meet the caress of the waves, and was about to close her eyes in ecstasy when a great plane darted out of a cloud and dived down at her with blazing machine guns.

This was too much for any self-respecting turtle to endure. Putting her pile-driver legs in motion she plopped her massive head under the surface and started for the peace and solitude to be found in the depths of the sea.

For the first quarter of a mile or so, she encountered all sorts of surface swimmers. But as she thrust deeper and deeper into the solitudes she found herself in a world that few surface fish dared invade. And when she finally plopped gently to the floor of the ocean her bulky carapace was being subjected to the tremendous pressure of two tons to the square inch.

If quietness was what she craved, then it certainly was to be found here. Not a sound disturbed the unearthly stillness. But while no light from the upper world penetrated the depths it wasn't quite pitch dark. The mud and the silt gave off a dim blue light, as did minute infusoria floating everywhere about.

Her eyes bulging under the terrific pressure the turtle reared herself up on her mighty legs and began a leisurely survey of the vicinity. Drawn to a slightly brighter patch of light she

Of The Seas

The Wartime Adventures of a Sea Turtle

By William Macmillan

rounded a jutting shoulder of rock to find herself in a veritable forest of fern-like laminaria and sea-lilies, the blooms of which emitted a faint, nebulous glow that dimmed and brightened as if being breathed on by some hidden giant.

Not the least bit astonished by the funereal glow of this fantastic world the turtle ploughed through the sea growth, emerging on the other side almost on top of a gigantic white squid sprawling alertly in the black mouth of a subterranean cave.

The turtle came to an abrupt stop. Though she had seen some fairly large squids in her day this was undoubtedly the most colossal one she had ever encountered. The huge, sac-like body completely filled the mouth of the cave, and its tentacles,

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

THE decapod's black eyes gleamed hopefully for a moment or two. Then as the groping tentacles sensed the impregnability of the turtle's armour the lights died down and the rubbery arms fell away

but partially covered by the silt, shot out in every direction. And though she was fairly certain that the squid wasn't born that could breach her defences, she felt cold chills of apprehension chase each other up and down her back.

Before she could turn, or even back away, a sensitive arm, dotted on the underside with feelers, whipped out of the

ooze, waved aloft for a moment, then slithered over her shell in search of an opening.

The decapod's black eyes gleamed hopefully for a moment or two. Then, as the groping tentacles sensed the impregnability of the turtle's armour, the lights died down and the rubbery arms fell away.

Without even deigning to give the baffled squid a second look the turtle ploughed through the mud till she found herself at the entrance of what looked like a narrow street tunnelled out of a jungle of growing things.

Though the highway was deserted for the moment the big turtle wasn't in the least bit fooled. She knew that gargoylish shapes lurked in the shadows, waiting for things to quieten down. And presently, deceived by the absence of further movement, they began making their appearance.

First there came an eel. Not an ordinary one, but a gigantic thing some four feet in length and as supple as a length of rubber hose. Its protruding eyes missing nothing, this amazing creature swam slowly down the fern-lined street, the phosphorescence along its pale sides playing in and out of the corrugations in the turtle's shell.

By this time the narrow street was crowded with outlandish shapes. And while no two of them looked alike, some resembling fish, others worms, and still others snakes, they all had one thing in common, some sort of portable lighting system that permitted them to dim and brighten their lanterns at will.

The shapes and sizes of these lanterns coincided with the fantastic outlines of their owners. Some of the paraders, for instance, carried broad sheets of light, like an illuminated sign, some had holes along their flanks like the portholes of a ship. Some diffused white light, others a pale blue light, and still others, a lilac shade of light.

Presently there was a slight movement in the silt and that strangest of all underwater dwellers, lasiognathus, the angler-fish, sent floating up under the paraders' noses the most seductive-looking lure imaginable. A cross between a flame and a flower, it danced and jigged so enticingly at the end of its antenna of cartilage that a snub-nosed fish with a transparent sack for a stomach jazzed his headlights and pounced on it. Quick as a flash the lure was flicked away, the bottom of the sea seemed to open and the unfortunate Mr. Snubnose disappeared from sight.

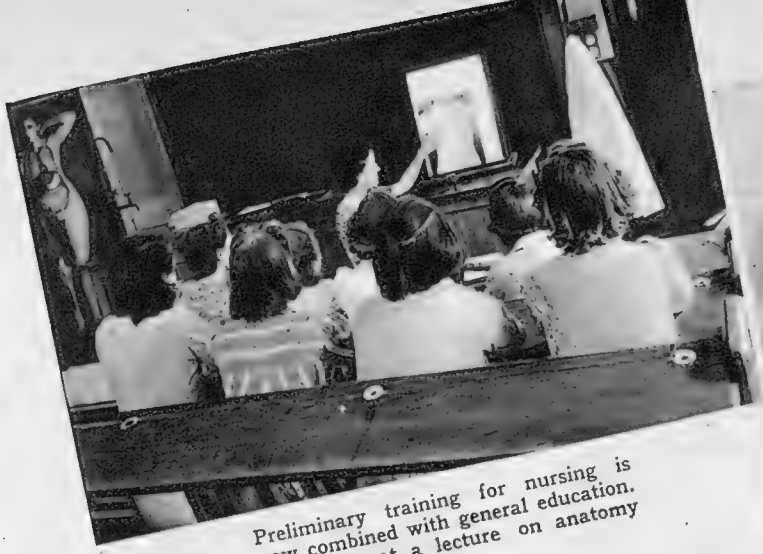
All this was old stuff to the turtle. No harm could come to her from a single one of these grotesque creatures, and she was bored stiff. Suddenly, remembering that she was full of eggs and had a mission to perform in a distant part of the sea she drew her ponderous legs out of the clinging mud and started down the crowded street in low gear. The sea-lilies promptly staged a complete blackout, and the paraders dimmed their lights and scuttled for safety.

The floor dipped sharply at the end of the street. Coming to a halt the turtle peered down into the shadowy ravine. The place was alive with movement and crowded with even more fantastic shapes. From a crevice in the silt-drifted floor gleamed the searchlight of a fearsome-looking cuttlefish. While scuttling about the floor, hunting and being hunted, were blood-red crayfish, gigantic crabs and even fish that, apparently, hadn't been provided with eyes.

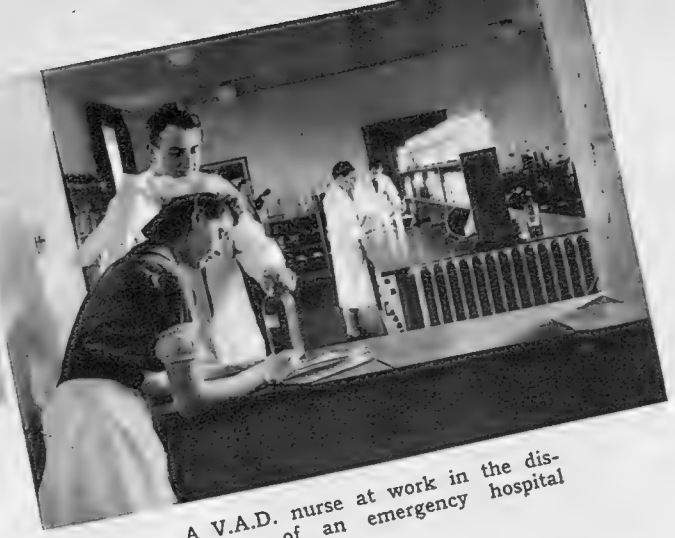
The turtle was following the movements of a long narrow creature that was either worm or snake, and had two enormous (*Continued on page* 66)

THE depth charge, exploding directly behind her, hurled her violently against the U-boat's iron hull

CATCHING a momentary glimpse of the waves breaking over the turtle's carapace, he stiffened, then fell to trembling with excitement



Preliminary training for nursing is now combined with general education. Schoolgirls at a lecture on anatomy



A V.A.D. nurse at work in the dispensary of an emergency hospital

Lady With A Lamp

At the emergency hospital nurses have their own room for sleeping and resting when duties are done

Attending an R.A.F. casualty in a desert hospital at Habbanyi, Iraq

The three years of practical training for student nurses is free, with a cash allowance in addition. Students learning to make beds and prepare trolleys

HEROISM has bloomed in many places in this war, but nowhere more gloriously than among the women who are serving their country and humanity in the nursing services.

Every branch of the women's Services has had its share of praise. Women in uniform have been blazoned across the front pages of the world—and rightly—but the nursing service goes quietly on, unrivalled in its perfect exemplification of woman's work.

There has been no conscription into nursing the sick and wounded. Yet there is no form of war work in which the need is greater.

Nurses are not made but born. Suffering men in the hospitals of this country; weary, damaged and helpless men in the blazing heat of Africa and upon the high seas, can testify that the skill and enterprise of the women who have faced death at their sides to relieve suffering and comfort affliction is not a thing that can be called into being by the mere issue of a Government form.

You become a nurse because nursing is in your blood. Because the call to work actively, close to the heart of things, in the way that only women can, is too strong to be resisted. Not for any other reason.

The work of relief which nurses do is hard. There are no honours except those of personal achievement; there are no dazzling prospects of promotion, but there is excitement—plenty of it—and fulfilment in a task which demands skill and sympathy.

Much has already been said about the poor conditions of the nursing profession. This has served to throw an even brighter ray of honour upon those who work against such odds. It has also begun a movement, too long delayed, which promises worthier conditions for the women who so richly deserve our thanks and aid.

In the meanwhile, more and more nurses are needed. The war surges on to its crescendo. Suffering has far from run its course, and the challenge goes out to women, more urgently than ever, to train in that branch of service which, more than any, will help to bring relief and comfort to those about to give their life's blood for victory.

Apart from the war and its more urgent demands, there is much to be said in these days for nursing as a civilian career. The drive for improved standards of national health is a prominent post-war aim, and nurses will do much towards achieving this ideal. This means expansion for the nursing profession; it means, without doubt, that nursing is a job with a future as well as a career of increasing and widening interest.

To achieve the legal status of State Registered nurse, the training period occupies three years. There are specialist fields here as in other professions, and some nurses prefer to confine their studies to the special branches of orthopædic work, medico psychology and the like. The training in all branches is a thing of lifelong value to any woman, whether she remains a nurse or becomes a wife and mother.

Louisa Kay.

DOMESTIC

Traditional beauty (top picture) has lost none of its appeal, but comfort and good sense, it is agreed, require that it is combined with the efficiency and the cheerfulness of such practical equipment as that shown in the kitchen above

By Winifred Lewis

HOUSEWIVES are peaceable people and revolution seems a drastic term to use in connection with them, yet revolution is exactly what is brewing among the peaceable fraternity of homemakers. . . . . domestic revolution.

Women everywhere have been separated from their homes ; they have been pitchforked out of their humdrum environments, endowed with new responsibilities and through this they have acquired a new understanding of what home life can mean.

Looking back, we have to admit that the life of the average housewife was lacking in variety, and too often overburdened with drudgery and cut off from outside interests. Women are in arms about this, and the revolution is on.

How to revolutionise the practical routine of home-making, to widen and improve the horizon of the ordinary woman at home, is the big question.

The war continues and immediate measures are thereby restricted, but women everywhere are talking, planning to voice their ambitions and lay the foundations of a Housewives' Charter.

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The first and most obvious step is the improvement of houses.

Good labour-saving apparatus and well-planned, easy-to-run houses and flats have been outside the means of too many people. Elementary necessities like central heating, refrigerators, sizeable, cheerful and fully-equipped kitchens were still luxuries until the war. Some had them, but too many did not.

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Overcrowding, in the sense of actual living-space, as well as of space for storage, is responsible for half the discomfort and drudgery of the average small English house.

Three bedrooms, which is the average, are not enough for the family of, say, four. Four bedrooms should be the ideal for a man and wife with two children.

So far as household equipment is concerned, standardisation seems to be the most promising solution. The Government Utility Plan is a sound one in principle. Any inadequacies which attach to it at present must be attributed to the fact that it is an emergency measure still incompletely functioning.

In the interests of economy, design and quality, it is obviously a better thing that essential equipment should be confined to just a few specific designs and standards of quality. That is to say, if the principle of mass production is controlled, so that instead of having a flood of equipment, there is a small agreed quantity of standardised products, the advantage to the consumer is that of lower cost and better quality.

•

The criticism that standardisation breeds monotony does not really hold water. If our saucepans and brooms and sinks and baths are of a standard design we are still left with ample means to infuse the personal touch into decoration. Then we can say goodbye to the drudgery which springs from poor equipment.

The fitting of houses and flats must, for that matter, be far more comprehensive. Built-in furniture saves space and initial outlay in furnishing. It is a practical and possible ideal if builders

REVOLUTION

and architects can be persuaded that good houses are an economic proposition. A sensible measure of standardisation in house design is another measure which the housewives' revolt is bringing.

If rooms and windows, staircases and passages are of a standard size, the whole vexed question of fitting carpets and curtains and arranging furniture to the very best advantage is simplified.

At present there is practically no relation between the size of the carpet and linoleum squares one buys and the floors they are supposed to cover. Bedrooms are hopelessly out of harmony in their shapes and in the disposition of windows, doors and fireplaces, with beds and the essential furnishings which have to go in them.

These points, so long overlooked, are vital, because they are a source of constant expense, discomfort and hard work.

These are sweeping measures, but they are not by any means impracticable, and they go side by side with many other smaller but equally vital reforms which, in their turn, are designed to sweep away the old, tiring and boring tasks of the home.

Obvious they may be, but women are determined, for instance, to end the absurdity of bending over sinks that are too low; of cooking with stoves that present a constant battle of wits to keep them clean and smoothly functioning; of dark corners and passages and of cupboards that are so small and so few in number that to keep order amongst one's possessions is a life's work in itself.

Easier, more beautiful and more cheerful houses mean more freedom for housewives to indulge other interests outside the home and to cultivate those social and intellectual contacts which give the sparkle to life and the fun to living.

An easy-to-clean bathroom with a large tub, a shower, adequate heating and a separate lavatory is the ideal typified on the left. The sink below is a metal one, set at the right height for easy working, which dispenses with bowls and has good draining-boards on either side for washing dishes, clothes and preparing vegetables in comfort

Women in arms about outdated methods, badly planned houses and inefficient equipment plan a new deal for housewives and the means by which it can, in the future, be put into effect

The neat sink which is no longer an eyesore in the kitchen is a "must." This one has swivel taps, roomy cupboards underneath for pails, brushes and cleaning materials, and a good plate-rack—all practical points to relieve monotony and weariness

Be Kind To Saucepans

Saucepans and most other cooking utensils are difficult to replace just now, so if the ones you have in use are good, cosset them.

Regular attention to saucepans in addition to just cleaning them, adds immeasurably to their life and efficiency.

Make a special point, for instance, of drying saucepans thoroughly before putting them away. This applies particularly to enamelled utensils. Chipping is largely due to the effects of water which finally loosens the surface of the enamel.

Another point to watch is never to boil small quantities of food in an enamel saucepan. If you have only a small amount of milk or some other liquid to heat, do it in an aluminium or iron saucepan, unless you are using a double boiler. Dry heat over a large surface of the enamel cracks it.

Don't bang the sides of the saucepan with the spoon with which you have been stirring the contents. This accounts for chips all round the rim. Even one chip starts rusting under the surface of the enamel.

Any kind of saucepan that has been burned should be scraped as clean as possible and filled immediately with a strong solution of cold water and salt. Leave this to soak for at least twenty-four hours and then bring the contents very slowly to the boil. The burnt particles come away quite easily after this and the saucepan can be cleaned in the usual way.

Never use soda for cleaning off burnt food from the surface of enamel or metal saucepans.

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup

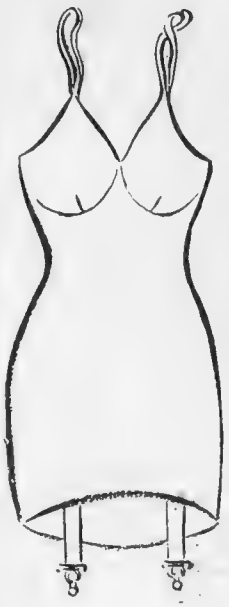
Editor Women's Department

In those times when a new dress was a seasonal occurrence, a Wolsey shirtmaker was always a good investment. To-day, when everything new has to settle down unflinchingly to a long, long life, it pays even better dividends.

The dress at the left is a typical Wolsey shirtmaker, which means the fabric is good, the finish and cut impeccable, the detail interesting. In wool angora jersey, it comes in a batch of beautiful shades and will be around some time in August.

Supplies of Wolsey frocks, as of everything else, are so greatly restricted that it may not be possible to secure this particular model. Other similar styles should be available in good shops in most parts of the country.

Now, for clothes that call for reconditioning, here are a few transformers. Do not tackle anything too complex yourself. It is better to place yourself on the waiting list of a good dressmaker. 1. A full-skirted dress will yield enough unpicked material to make a bolero and skirt. 2. Especially for R.A.F. wives. A worn-at-elbows shirt, discarded by its owner, turns back to front and teams up with the best parts of an old navy dress (hangovers of this will come in for something else later). Use navy buttons. 3. Make a spotted, frilled bib with two sets of buttonholes, and fasten them to a front-buttoning frock. 4. A silk jerkin made from two large scarves, matching or not, it wouldn't matter. Cut to fit at waist and hips, then gather to form the drapes. 5. The coupon value of remnants is judged by their weight, so they are worth seeking. Here you see stripes and plain stuff advantageously allied. 6. An old sweater with shabby elbows? Cut the sleeves short and sew rows of scalloping braid around the upper part. 7. A plain dark frock is unbelievably zipped up by the strategic placing of four large hand-knit pockets, in vivid wool. 8. This time we raid the house. The back of an old flowered chintz loose cover will make a spry little summer jacket. (The cover itself, if still in use, could be fitted with a false back, made, for instance, from parts of an old sheet, dyed a pastel shade.) 9. Your bits-and-pieces drawer may yield an old taffeta blouse, a wide evening sash. Make gloves and matching sash and see what they do to a severe little dress.

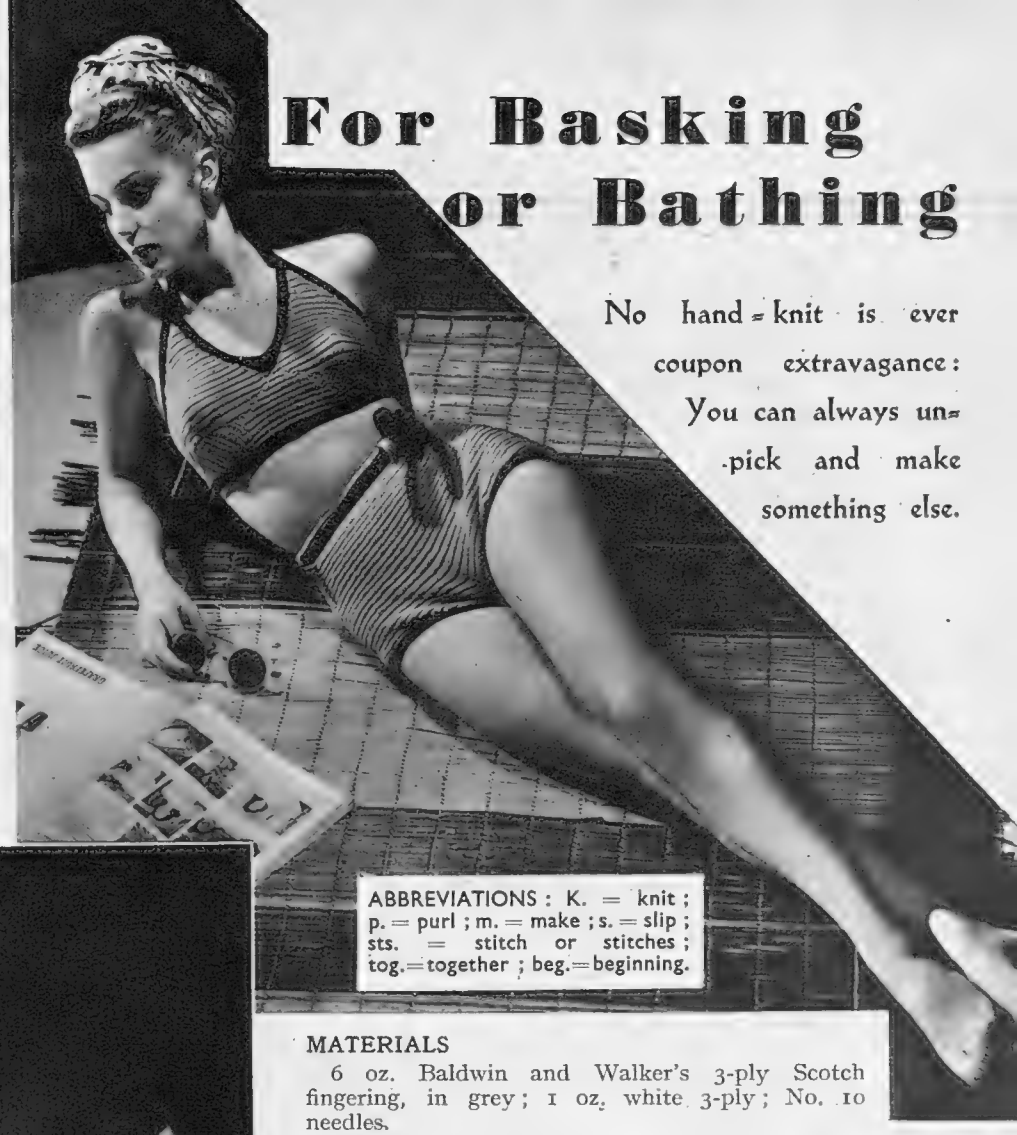


It would be drawing wool over the eyes to pretend that the corset situation is satisfactory. Quality garments are in terribly short supply. Women prowl the shops seeking their favourite branded makes, and, in many cases, have to accept inadequate, inferior utility corsets, for the better makes of utility garments are hard to track down. Women in a hurry buy corsets over the counter, or endeavour to fit themselves, because corset assistants and fitters are in a hurry too.

Berlei, who have a top reputation for beautiful corsets, implore you to fit yourself carefully.

If you are lucky enough to get a Berlei, you will find that their Utilities give reasonable wear and support, if properly fitted. They are made in five basic figure types, and only the one designed for your own type will fit you properly.

For Basking or Bathing



No hand-knit is ever coupon extravagance: You can always un-pick and make something else.

ABBREVIATIONS: K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; sts. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.

MATERIALS

6 oz. Baldwin and Walker's 3-ply Scotch fingering, in grey; 1 oz. white 3-ply; No. 10 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 96 sts. with white wool. Work stocking st. for 6 rows. Change to grey wool and continue stocking st. for 4½ ins. in grey. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 122 sts. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 96 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 30 sts. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as back until it is time to work armholes. Now k. 2 tog., work 59 sts. Leave other 61 on holder until later. Continue to k. 2 tog. on armhole edge on every row for 13 rows. Now work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge 3 times. Cast off remaining 15 sts.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 78 sts. with white wool. Work stocking st. for 6 rows. Change to grey and continue stocking st. for 4 ins. of grey. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

THE LINING FOR REVERS

With white wool, cast on 50 sts. Work stocking st. for 1 in. Now work on half the sts. only (25 sts.) for 7½ ins. Cast off. Then work other half for 7½ ins. Cast off.

THE WHIRLS (16 alike)

Cast on 50 sts. Work all k. for 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Press. Sew linings to revers and press. Sew on whirls.

White Whirls On Grey

MATERIALS

4 oz. "Emu" 3-ply in camel; 1 oz. in bottle-green; No. 13 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

To fit a 34-in. bust and 36-in. hip measurement.

TENSION

8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE PANTS

Cast on 100 sts. at back waist in camel. Work following pattern:

1st row.—K. 2nd row.—P. 3rd row.—K. 4th row.—K. 5th row.—P. 6th row.—P. 7th row.—K. 8th row.—P. 9th row.—P. 10th row.—K. Side which shows 3 purl rows together is right side.

Repeat these 10 rows, and at the same time m. 1 st. at beg. and end of 11th row and every 6th row after until there are 142 sts. Work straight for 2 ins. Now work on 71 sts. only (leaving other 71 on holder until later) and cast off 4 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are 3 sts. left. Fasten off. Work other side the same.

Cast on and work front as back until there are 142 sts. Now work 28 sts., cast off 8, work 35. (Continued on page 65)

A

NEW KIND OF HOLIDAY

IF the world were spinning smoothly, the delightful preoccupation of the moment would be holidays. According to taste and pockets, we should perhaps at this moment be planning a sun-drenched holiday in the south, or collecting a trousseau for a cruise. On the other hand, we might be taking the car on a long trek to the Scottish moors. Somewhere . . . anywhere.

Well, these things are just lovely dreams, and there is no point in yearning for them now, but you still want a holiday. You need it badly.

Four years of strain and, for some, harder work than we have ever known, haven't made either mental or physical processes work more smoothly. We need rest, refreshment; a holiday is still essential, but it has to be a new kind of holiday.

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Things being as they are, with most of the conventional measures out of reach, this has to be a sort of psychological holiday. Perhaps that sounds a pretty boring kind of holiday, but that is up to you.

Ask yourself what the old kind of holiday gave. Physical relaxation and mental stimulus were first things. All right, you can still have them.

Get it out of your head that unless you do one of the conventional things you haven't had a holiday. That starts you off on the wrong foot. The success of this holiday that is coming depends on your outlook; your readiness to say to yourself: "This isn't the sort of holiday I am used to, but it is all I can have for the moment, and I'm going to enjoy it. I'm going to squeeze every possible scrap of enjoyment and health out of it"

This starts the relaxation on a good basis. You are receptive, content.

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A change of scene and air is good, even if you only travel five miles to get it, or stay in a house in the next street for a while. Changed surroundings are restful. Any change, even if it merely means looking at someone else's furniture or contemplating another combination of chimney-pots.

If you are a housewife, it is a holiday in itself to see someone else doing the housewife. To be waited on or to eat food that somebody else has prepared. Anyway, get out of your own house; forget the old routine for a bit.

Having, by this time, got yourself into a frame of mind which is ready to enjoy anything that comes along, start some physical relaxation.

This sounds easy enough, but relaxation is not merely a matter of stopping late in bed and just mooching around. You might do both these things for two whole weeks and never relax at all. If your body is taut and your brain is restless, you might just as well be back on the job.

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Make the study of relaxation a holiday aim. Whenever you are resting, think about relaxation. Let your mind and your body go limp. Watch a cat sleep if you want to know exactly how it is done.

You can spend an active holiday doing things and going places, but if you really relax when you are in bed at night, and again for just an hour in the afternoon, your resources of energy will be marvellously replenished.

Relax your mind, too. Do this for the whole holiday. Put anxieties aside. Forget the office, the house, or any other problems that may have been on your mind. You are resting. Everything else must wait.

This is just the start, a preliminary to the real business of making holiday. Now you really have to start experimenting.

New things to do, different people to meet, unfamiliar places to explore have to take the place of the old holiday occupations. What can they be?

This depends, of course, on the kind of things that normally occupy your leisure. If you are an active person with an interest in sport, try the other tack. Take a shot at some studious pastimes. It doesn't attract you perhaps, but we are all a little shy of the unfamiliar. Why not try it?

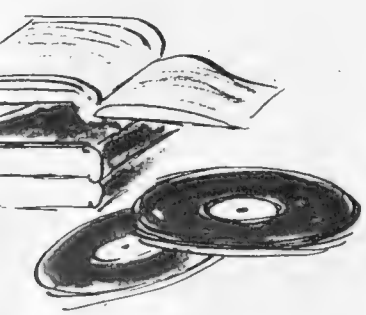
•

Slowing down your tempo to the unhurried rhythm of cultural things is not easy. You cannot develop an understanding of good literature or fine art in a day. Don't even try. But take the first steps, because this is something that is going to last you more than your holiday. It may take in a whole lifetime.

Explore among the classic writers. Take in some good music. Visit some of the art galleries and familiarise yourself with the treasures which are there for your delight. If you don't get all the pleasure and understanding you would wish from these things at first, never mind, you have achieved the object of doing something different on your holiday. You have rested from familiar things.

Naturally, if your life already includes these pastimes, your obvious course is to reverse things. Spend the holiday doing something active. Give your brain a rest and take in some physical pastimes.

Whatever you do, let it be different from what you are used to, and make up your mind it is a holiday, not a penance. L.W.



It Is Her Privilege

to be a woman at home in this war and by her perseverance and ingenuity in the daily routine of housekeeping, to make her quiet but vital contribution to victory.

She keeps all Ministerial pamphlets and regularly brushes up on those "musts" which one is so apt to forget, yet which remain such a vital contribution to the war effort.

Keeping the attic free of dangerous and inflammable material. Keeping sandbags and fire buckets in readiness for immediate use at all times, whether or not there have been bombs just lately.

Using the telephone only when the need is really justifiable and remembering that every call made adds immeasurably to the great burden of the Post Office people, whose first function is to give unimpeded service to the country's war needs.

Keeping the salvage situation under control and never letting up on it, even though it is boring and though her own small contribution appears so ineffectual.

Studying food values, so that the family diet gives the maximum of nutrition and variety, thus keeping the standard of health at a high level.

Never shopping or travelling on buses and trains when essential workers should be in full possession.

Keeping down fuel and light consumption, even though it is summer and doesn't seem so important.

Cage birds are companionable and decorative things, and have the advantage in wartime that their care and feeding are less difficult than for other pets. Budgerigars are a colourful asset to any scheme of decoration, and are infinitely trainable if the instruction begins young enough. These birds of lovely plumage have a list of accomplishments, including talking, as impressive as any. They are not difficult to rear. Cages should be kept perfectly clean and, though they are not highly susceptible to changes of temperature, the inmates should be sheltered from draughts. Seed, which are still obtainable in most places, and a constant supply of fresh water are all they ask in return for beauty and high rate of entertainment value.

Embroidery comes back as the most refreshing and feminine means of escape from the nerve-shattering work which so many have had to undertake as their contribution to war. Some of the most beautiful designs are within the accomplishments of the newcomer to embroidery. A sense of colour, a reasonable modicum of patience and a steady hand are the first essentials. The exquisite bouquet design on the right is reproduced from a rare piece in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The design could be traced, adapted to make chair-seats, a screen, a cushion, bedspread, and carried out almost entirely in satin stitch. The loveliness of the whole depends upon the exquisite simplicity of the grouping and the rich blend of colours which merge exquisitely from shaded pink to red and dim green.

ESCAPE WITH THESE

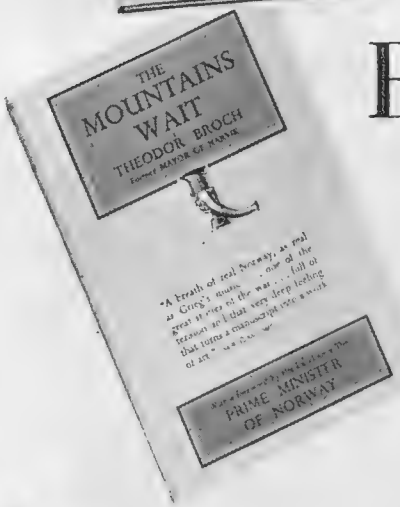
Old Jewellery, a beautiful pet, exquisite handwork, a practical task .... each offers relief from the stress of war

Handwork with a practical application in the home has a double appeal for the woman who is, perhaps, engaged upon strenuous work at other times. There is no eyestrain or sustained concentration involved in making this lamp-shade, yet the work is amusing, quick and very effective when finished. Ordinary coarse cream net (no coupons) is enriched with a band of lace insertion, and a matching edging to make the shade. A straight length of material is ruched at the top and delicately gathered into a band of velvet with tie ends. An old net curtain can be utilised to make several matching lamp-shades, or, if you are buying the stuff, a half yard is plenty for one shade allowing sufficient for good fullness. Mounted over a pale colour the effect is twice as good.

These are no times for personal luxuries, but an antidote to austerity and a fleeting contact with beauty are still occasionally justified. This is why, on rare occasions, people are buying beautiful old furniture, delicate china and lovely, hand-wrought, period jewellery; these give us much needed escape and solace and express our faith in more tranquil times to come.

These pieces from the well-known and beautiful collection of old jewellery at Cameo Corner include a heavy gold bracelet, with a centre medallion of Swiss enamel in delicate colouring. Below is a pair of enchanting Eighteenth-Century ear-rings in garnet and gold and, with them, an impressive Victorian gold-and-garnet brooch, the perfect lapel ornament.

Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*



WHEN I read a novel in these home-bound days I not only want a good story, I want to "go places" by proxy. Miss Katharine Brush's **"You Go Your Way"** (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) whisks me to the New York of cocktails, highballs, wisecracks, snappy dialogue, and divorce. Connie, you see, who "wore a sleek black satin dress that loved her figure," had wilful ideas about marriage. She told Wall Street broker Bill on their honeymoon: "I've always thought every woman ought to be married more than once, if she's attractive. She ought to marry the wrong man first—or even maybe two wrong men. *Then* she ought to meet the right one and . . ." Unfortunately, Bill was the right one at the start, but she meant to stick to her theory, all the same. How she lost him, and then had to woo him back into re-marriage, makes a delicious comedy for the sophisticated. I haven't chuckled so much since Hitler became Queen of the *Herrenvolk*.

A TRIP to the plantations of Louisiana and romantic New Orleans? Well, here it is in Miss Frances Parkinson Keyes's **"If Ever I Cease to Love"** (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)—three generations of the fascinating, philandering, open-handed Breckenridge men and their enchanting, ravishing women: white Creoles, descendants of the original colonisers, who talk patronisingly of "the Americans" and almost lose caste if they happen to fall for one. That is what Estelle Lenoir, lovely Carnival Queen, does in the 'nineties, to her cost. But time marches on, even for these exclusive Creoles, and when her own grand-daughter comes to be Queen, things are different. The half-century between is presented colourfully in a chronicle of 550 packed pages solid and lasting enough for an idle holiday, a nursing-home spell, or a month of Sundays.

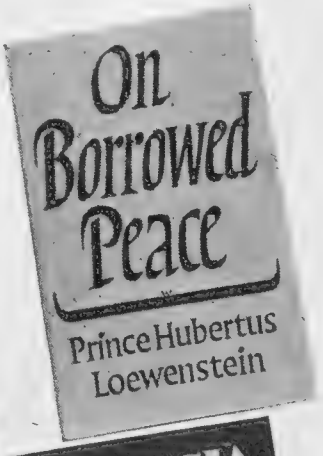
"In the spring, when the grass is like a green fire, it is so brilliant, sheep graze on the terraces of Ballyrannon Castle gardens, trampling the daffodils and narcissi that roll in golden and white waves down to the lake's edge." Where shall that be but Connemara as Miss Ethel Mannin sees it in **"The Blossoming Bough"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.), a story of the young poet Flynn, his sister Bridie who adored him, the loves they meet, and the cynical novelist father, Mike Harrigan, who preferred to live and drink alone after his wife Kitty had run off to Dublin because "he was prepared to spend unlimited time and trouble schooling a horse, but not a woman." Flynn loved Katherine O'Donal, but he loved Ireland more, and met his tragic destiny in civil-war Barcelona. A serious, impassioned tale, with change of scene to Paris and pre-war London, (*Continued on page* 54)

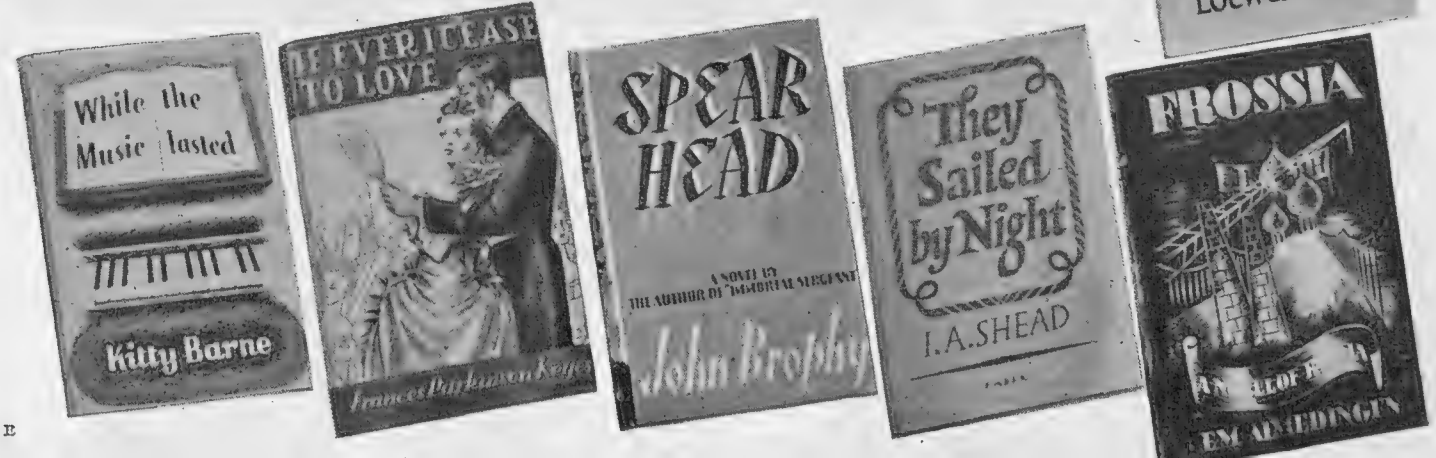
Commandos

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBERT HENRIQUES, troop commander in the commandos after the fall of France, took part in the Vaagso raid, the attack on Casablanca, the planning of St. Nazaire, and many other Combined Operations. He wrote **"Captain Smith and Company"** (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) in intervals between battle, in warships, at Scapa, on the North Sea or Atlantic, waiting at Dover, in mountain bivouac, in London chambers; and it reflects, in style, the turmoil of his fighting years, his sensitive gropings through peace and war.

Smith and three comrades are mortally shattered in blowing up a bridge in a raid on the French coast. In his death reveries he relives their soldiering, campaigning days, his home life in the Cotswolds, speaking symbolically for them all in an allegory of prose and verse. "From the mountain range, the fearful heights of battle, sorrow, and separation, he looked with his friends upon the valley of peace that they had left behind them." It is a psychic, mystical experience lit by genius, not a consecutive tale realistically told.

Mr. John Brophy's **"Spear Head"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.) definitely *is*, for he shows an uncanny understanding of the psychology of commandos in training and action—the men who "thought a lot of themselves, though they had to cry down the emotional hero-worship of newspapers and magazines, and they often laughed to see the way strangers in streets and railway carriages stared at them, as if they belonged to some specially privileged order of manhood, supercharged with virility and story-book courage." His story deals with the fortunes of a sub-section in raids on Norway and France, and especially of young O'Donovan, who survives stirring ordeals to fall romantically for his captain's sister, Carol. Like "Immortal Sergeant," it is a mighty good yarn by a story-teller born: an epic of the mind and body, as Colonel Henriques' is of the spirit.





Some Quaint Small Churches

By

J. D. Robinson

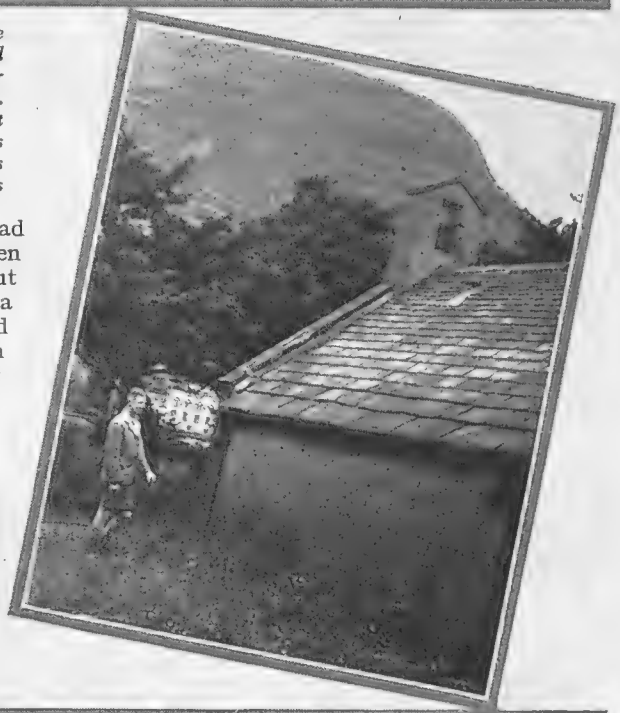
CLOSE to Thirlmere, in the Lake District, is the tiny whitewashed church of Wythburn, lying under the mighty mountain Helvellyn. (Right) Standing in the fields at Worsall, near Yarm, Yorkshire, is another small place of worship. This church is now only used for burials

ENGLAND possesses some very small churches; quaint little places of very unusual styles of architecture which are a delight to all to behold.

Yorkshire is proud of the tiny little structure near Saltburn, known as Upleatham Church, which is reputed to be one of the smallest in the country. It stands in a tiny God's Acre where generations are laid to rest. It is a very quaint building measuring east to west 14 feet; north to south 17 feet; these are interior measurements so one will see how it has room for only a very tiny congregation. Inside are some relics such as a richly carved stone with the arm of an Anglian cross. A coffin lid with a floriated cross stands against the wall and on the floor is a thirteenth-century coffin lid upon which are carvings of strange faces. On the walls hang hatchments to the Dundas family. A very pleasing feature of this church is the tower and one of the stones built into it says: "William Crow, Churchwarden Bvlded Stepel, 1664."

Near Yarm, Yorkshire, is another small place of worship standing in the fields at Worsall. It is now only used for burials as a new church has been built near at hand. Its measurements are 24 feet by 20 feet and it is built of stone with a red-bricked belfry and a tiled roof. In the churchyard is the grave of the Rev. John Graves, who was incumbent of this parish for over forty years. He was also author of *History of Cleveland*. He died August 2, 1832, aged seventy-one years.

The "Hikers' Church" is the name given to the little church standing in the fields at Lead, near Tadcaster, as it was the ramblers of Yorkshire who had it restored in 1933. It had been disused for a very long time, but is now in good repair; it had a new roof and was reconsecrated by the Bishop of Whitby. When the reconstruction was being carried out two stone coffins, without lids, side by side, were found; one was empty but the other contained the complete skeleton which proved to be of very great interest to archæologists as the coffins were thought to date from about 1200.



A CHURCH at Wastdale Head, well known to hikers of the Lake District. It is situated in one of the wildest of inhabited places in this country

NOT far from Bournemouth is this church of Norman design at West Parley. Note the tiny square bell tower

THE interior of the lonely little church of Culbone, Somerset. It has seating accommodation for thirty-three persons

ANOTHER Lakeland church of small dimensions is at Matterdale, Cumberland. The ancient roof timbers shown in this interior are dated several years before the Armada

There are some very small churches in the Lake District and one which is well known to hikers is at Wastdale Head. It is built in one of the wildest of all inhabited places in this country; in a deep depression formed by the loftiest and steepest mountains. Surrounded by old yew trees this building boasts of the remarkable measurements of 42 feet by 16 feet. The oak panelling of this lovely sanctuary was originally in York Minster and the font and alms box are very old. An Elizabethan chalice of beaten silver is also a great treasure. The roof consists of huge slabs of Lakeland slate of great thickness and the single bell is housed in a miniature belfry. (*Continued on page 62*)

On Duty and Off

What do you think life will be like after the war? Of course, there will be the awful problems of the Occupied Countries and the general tidying up of Europe. But apart from all this, how do you think people will want to live? Personally, I think they will want comfort and home life instead of luxury and road houses. I think that home-cooking will be enjoyed much more than the restaurant menu variety, and that good, solid furniture and upholstery will take the place of the chromium-plated fittings and milk-and-water drapery of the pre-war era. An interior decorator was telling me the other day about a certain client of his who is doing up a shabby old house. Instead of having the ceilings decorated in the ordinary way she had them simply brushed and varnished. The brushing removed the surface dirt, and the varnish over the ingrained dust left a wonderful shaded cloudy surface which he assured me was extraordinarily effective. That is certainly a good start towards getting economical opulence out of a shabby background.

By Jane Gordon

ONE way and another I have worked quite a lot both for men and for women, in uniform and out of uniform; and in case you don't know it, let me tell you at once that working for men is child's play compared with working for women. In the first place, a man is inclined to be a little afraid of the woman who works for him. He feels that she will either bully or embarrass him. But once he realises that he is getting good and impersonal service, there is nothing more to worry about. If you are working for men, you can be quite certain that the more efficient you are, the more you will be appreciated. This does not always hold true when you are working for women, and I will tell you why.

What Women Like About Women

The man you work for believes that you are working for him, but a woman, consciously or unconsciously, believes that you are working against her. No matter how nice she may be, somewhere in the back of her mind lurks the suspicion that you may have an eye on her job. Much more is expected of you by the women you work with than by men. With women, you must mind your manners. A man may not notice if you omit the "Sir," but if a woman doesn't get the "Mam" which is due to her you can count on a mark against you. Women really do appreciate tidiness, and the woman who is "clean about her work and person" is bound to do well in her job.

Stains and careless button-sticking will make any uniform tawdry. Dirty button brushes will spray powder on the uniform, and even when a button-stick is used, the polish can still stain the material. Personally, I think the best cleaning preparation for uniform is a stuff called Klensol. It works quickly, efficiently, and does not leave a stain; but, like all these preparations, it is inflammable.

Girls in uniform are dependent on a good deodorant, and I have yet to find the deodorant that can beat Dettol. You can use it for yourself or your clothes. It is harmless, and it does not stain. If you want to freshen up after a hard day's work, add a few drops to the washing water. If stockings or undies need extra attention, soak them for a few hours and add a little Dettol to the water.

For real scouring of worn and stained enamels or badly stained sinks, add a little O-syl to your Vim, Gospo or scouring powder. Be careful of your hands, because this mixture will take the skin off your fingers as well as the stains off the thing you are scrubbing.

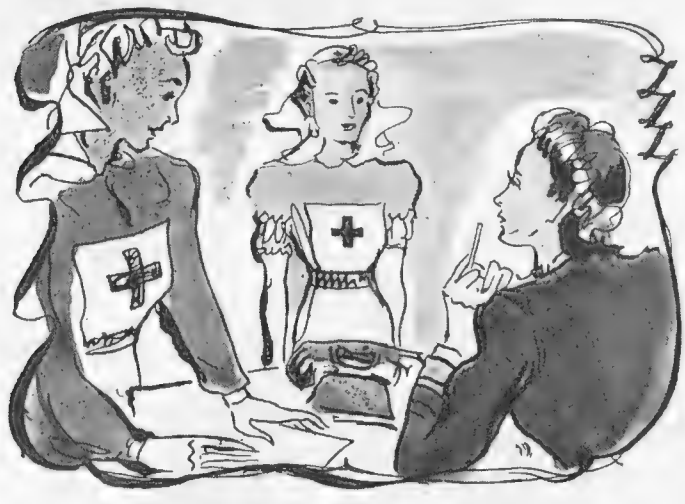
It is extraordinary how many women work with dirty tools. They scrub, dust and brush with dirty brushes; dust with dirty brushes and pans and dusters; and wash up with greasy swabs and sodden cloths. You can get an ammonia powder quite cheaply which goes a long way to helping the soap and getting out grease from towels, cloths and dusters. And here is a tip for every woman who is doing her own housework. Sprinkle a few drops of Sposs Window Sheen on a smooth-surfaced cloth, rub gently, and then wipe off at once with a clean cloth. This is equally good for glass shelves and mirrors.

WHAT men seem to like most about a woman off duty is for her to look and act as if she did not know the meaning of the word work. If a man likes you, he likes you for yourself alone, and not for your work. So even if you have to be in uniform off duty, try not to look like a soldier. It is depressing for a man to go out with a girl who marches because she has forgotten how to walk; and though you have learnt to march like a guardsman, remember to walk like a woman when you are off duty. The best way to do this is to practise the original Ziegfeld girls' trick of walking round the room with a heavy book or non-breakable bowl on your head. If you walk up and downstairs this way, your poise and balance will be as near perfect as no matter.

What Men Like About Women

A land girl who has joined a keep fit class tells me that this is one of the exercises they do and that it is the best for straightening up shoulders which are bent forward all day over the land.

Perhaps it is the drill, or perhaps it is the cut of the tunic, which makes so many girls in uniform look big in the beam. A good way to counteract this figure fault is to do a simple exercise which consists of standing up straight and placing one hand in the centre of your tummy and the other at your back; then (Continued on page 64)



HOW IS YOUR MEMORY?

The subconscious mind is a sieve to our conscious memories. It makes us forget those things that we found unpleasant . .

A MEMORY is something almost as physical as your arm and if you let it lapse into the rut of disuse it will certainly become atrophied.

It doesn't matter how old you are, or how young. Youthful memories are spasmodic, of course, but the number of people who blame a slight accumulation of years for a fading memory are merely sidestepping. Age may have taken away the additional energies necessary to remembering easy, but it does not tackle your memory until you are very old.

So put away the idea that you cannot remember things as clearly as you did, and set to on the road to a perfect memory. It is merely a matter of concentration. And the human mind is capable of acquiring new knowledge and strength for many more years than people imagine; it is something that strengthens with use, becomes more active with practice, and more energetic from extension.

If you resign yourself to the curse of a poor memory, however, your memory will sink to the depths that you expect and continue down the decline.

The subconscious mind affects your conscious memories. It makes us forget those things that we found unpleasant. Ask any one if they can recall, and even relive, the ecstasy of a happy moment—on a holiday, at a piece of good news, in someone's arms. They will nearly all recall such incidents as clearly as if they were yesterday. Ask them if they can relive a violent row with the same acuteness and they will nearly all agree that the feeling of fury cannot be recalled, although the general unpleasantness can be remembered. Again, try and remember the name of someone you have met for the first time and taken an instant fancy to—it is easy. But if you dislike someone you are introduced to, it is quite likely that you will completely forget the stranger. Your subconscious mind, therefore, is a sieve to your conscious memory.

And your subconscious mind can be affected by your attitude. If you are becoming lazy, your subconscious mind will sieve so finely on an excuse of unimportance, that you will find few relics remaining in your conscious memory. Learn to discern between facts worth remembering and facts not worth remembering. Never vaguely tax your memory with things that do not matter at all—how many people repeat car numbers, bus ticket numbers and such things, sending the figures through their memory needlessly and uselessly.

Sharpen your concentration on things that are worthwhile then, and try to ignore those things that are worthless. Make a memory test for yourself out of something that you want to remember. Figures are best because with these you can repeat them to yourself once or twice, and you can scribble them down and see them, thus having both visual and aural memories.

It is interesting to test out your reaction to these two types and see which gives you the best results. Many people cannot keep anything in their memories unless their eyes have actually seen the subject. Others have to repeat things to themselves in order to impress the subject on their memories. The radio is doing much towards making people concentrate aurally, whereas previously books and newspapers were doing much to nurture the visual memory.

Make your mind resolved on the fact that you can have a good memory if you really want it. Most memories can slip up now and again; don't give up if you find your memory playing you false once or twice—it will improve with practice. Do not make the mind memory-logged. If your mind gets tired, give it a rest. Write down the things that you want to remember for a while and take it as a matter of course that you would not have forgotten them even if you had not written them down.

Your memory can and will serve you well, if you let it.

Underneath The

Freckles can be greatly helped with the water in which two cupfuls of elderflowers have been boiled. It is not necessary actually to boil the flowers, but merely to throw them in the boiling water as you take it off the stove. Use two pints of water to two cups of the elderflowers. Allow them to stand until the liquid is lukewarm, then take the liquid and apply to your face.

Break the stem of the pennyroyal plant and apply the sap if you have any small warts you want removed. Do this daily until the wart disappears.

With gloved hands pick a bunch of the youngest nettle leaves and boil them in water. Strain them, keeping the water, which you can then drink, hot or cold. It is a fine tonic and helps those who are inclined to suffer from rheumatism.

Parsley does not grow under hedges, but parsley

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1

Summer Care For HANDS, FEET, ARMS, LEGS

ARMS The majority of arms are either too fat or too thin above the elbow. Reduction is possible by exercise and massage. One or two exercises regularly performed will firm and slim uppers, and a regular massage routine will do the same. Self-massage of the upper arms is difficult, as massage should always be towards the heart, so we have to resort to pinching with thumb and all fingers. Pinching, if done wisely, will not only break up the fatty tissues, but will zip up the circulation.

Hairs can be unsightly on the forearms, but if you bleach them with peroxide of hydrogen and ammonia you need not feel self-conscious.

Thin arms can be made more shapely if you do different types of work with your arms. Girls who joined the Land Army with scrawny arms now have much more sightly arms for their summer shirts and frocks. Polishing, digging, hoeing and baby lifting have the same results if they are not the practice of a lifetime.

FEET Soles can be hardened with methylated spirits if you want them hard for standing, walking, or stockingless shoes. Just apply to the soles and let it dry.

The essentials with feet are daily cleanliness, daily powdering with boracic acid powder if you can get nothing else and a weekly run-over for corns, callouses and nails. Long nails will make any toes ache inside their shoes. Treat toe nails just as you would finger nails. Pumice or scrape off any hard skin that is making callouses; pare down corns or remove soft ones with a good corn cure, or call on the local chiropodist. Massage castor oil into bunions.

HANDS If you are working hard in house or factory or garden there is only one thing for hands—constant thought. Plan your work so that light washing comes after dirty work.

When you rest in the evenings, soak your hands in rain-water warmed and soapy—it will get a lot of the ingrained dirt out. Then apply your lotion, cream, or any thing that you can get.

Do your nails regularly once a week. Monday is supposed to be the lucky day for nails. Rub a smear of vaseline into cuticles every night rather than once a week. Your nails also need circulation stimulation. You can help the shape of your finger tips and the strength of your nails by kneading the finger tip of one finger in the fingers and thumb of the opposite hand.

LEGS The main trouble as far as legs are concerned is—hairs, shape and tan. Tan can only be acquired if you have the type of skin that will tan easily and rapidly. You cannot get any permanent dye to give you South Sea Island legs, although you may still be lucky enough to get a temporary application that will help.

Comely shape can only be acquired—if not already present—by massage. Massage upwards with firmly grasping hands from ankle to knee.

Hairs can be bleached as for arms. They can be waxed off (some salons will still give you this treatment if you inquire) or if you have no wax—they can be plucked. It sounds grim, but it isn't bad, and once you have spent the entire afternoon on them all that is necessary is a run-over.

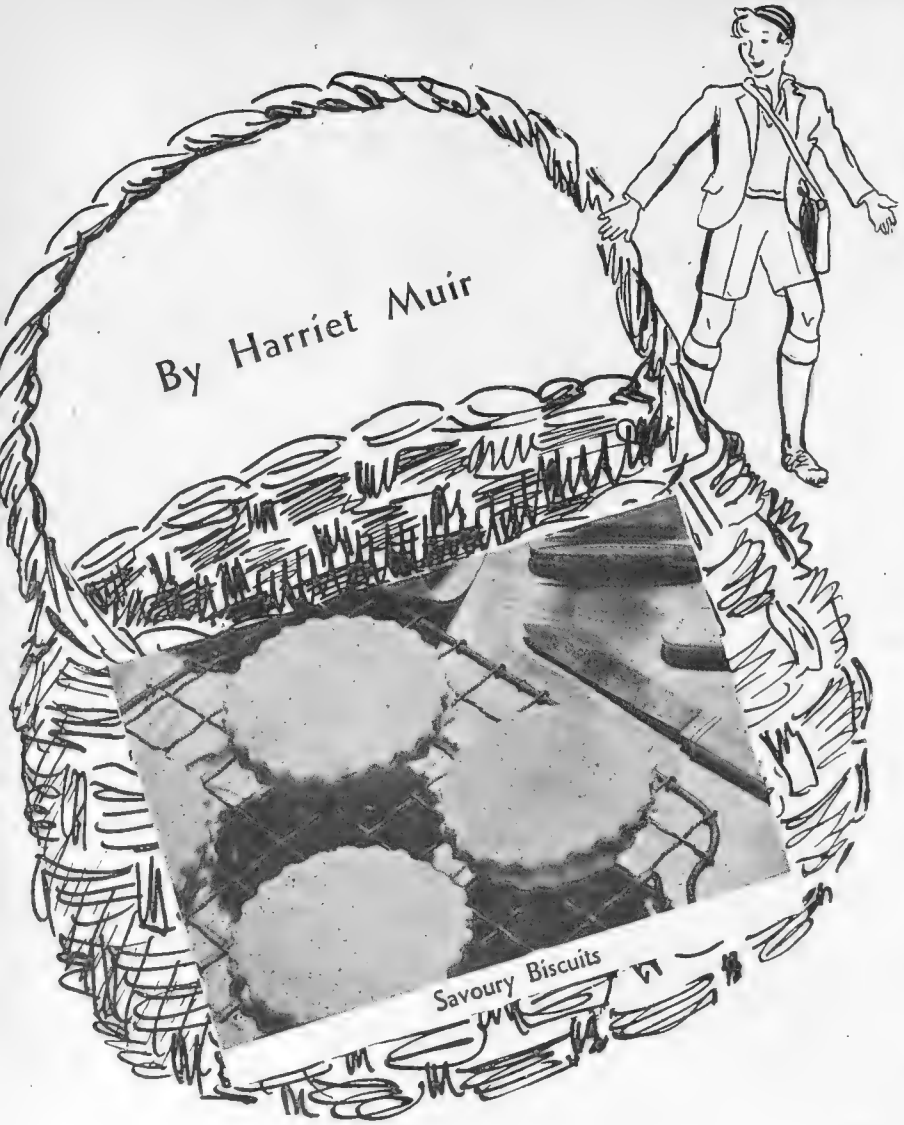
Hedgerows

can be used for other things than seasoning. Parsley tea made as nettle tea is a good cleanser for the body. If you have bloodshot eyes this parsley tea is a great relief used as an eye bath, tepid, in the strength of two large sprigs of parsley to a cupful of water.

Sage, also from the herb garden, is excellent in healing qualities. A sage poultice (made from boiled sage leaves in a very little water applied in some butter-muslin) will relieve a sore throat if applied when hot. Or you can gargle with the water in which sage has been boiled. It is also a useful toothwash.

Carried

By Harriet Muir



Whether you are on part-time munitions or be glad of ideas for carried meals. This year it to take your food along when you go out for most country inns it is a case of regulars only. insist on abolishing sandwiches altogether in you take meals out with you. But don't always scones or splits for a change, or freshly made

HOME-MADE SAUSAGE SNACK

1 breakfastcupful chopped cooked meat, with a little chopped bacon or bacon fat; 1 breakfastcupful stale breadcrumbs; 1 dried egg (reconstituted); 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; a little thyme or tarragon; flour and fat for frying; salt and pepper

Beat egg well and mix with the meat, crumbs, herbs and seasoning. Shape into little fat sausage shapes, roll in flour or oatmeal, and fry in the fat.

Drain well, cool, and take watercress or other salad to eat with them.

POTATO SPLITS

Here is a useful Ministry of Food recipe which is capable of many variations. These scones can be made either savoury or sweet.

6 oz. flour; 4 oz. crushed potato; 1 oz. lard or other cooking fat; 1 level tablespoonful household milk powder; ½ teaspoonful each of baking powder and salt

Mix the flour, milk powder, baking powder and salt. Rub in the fat first, then the potato. Blend with enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out on a floured board to about ½ in. thick. Have ready a greased baking tray, cut out the scones and put them on it. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. It is important to have the dough soft and the oven hot.

To vary the mixture, add 3 tablespoonfuls grated cheese and a little pepper. To make a sweet split, add 1 dessertspoonful sugar or a spoonful of chopped dried fruit.

FILLINGS FOR SPLITS

Split the scones across and fill with one or other of these :—

SAVOURY

Mashed pink salmon with chopped watercress, or with slivers of horseradish and shredded lettuce.

Minced meat, mixed with a little chopped spring onion, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and shredded cabbage.

Finely minced meat with chopped chives or spring onion, moistened with mayonnaise.

Slices of cooked dried egg, watercress.

Flaked fish or fish paste, mixed with chopped pickled gherkins and chopped watercress.

Cooked cod's roe, mashed with a little margarine, plenty of pepper, a dash of lemon essence and, if liked, tomato sauce.

Grated cheese creamed with a little margarine and mixed with chopped spring onion or chives and/or chopped parsley.

SWEET

Mixture of 2 tablespoonfuls each of mashed potato and grated carrot well beaten together.

Mixture of honey or parsley honey and chopped dried fruit.

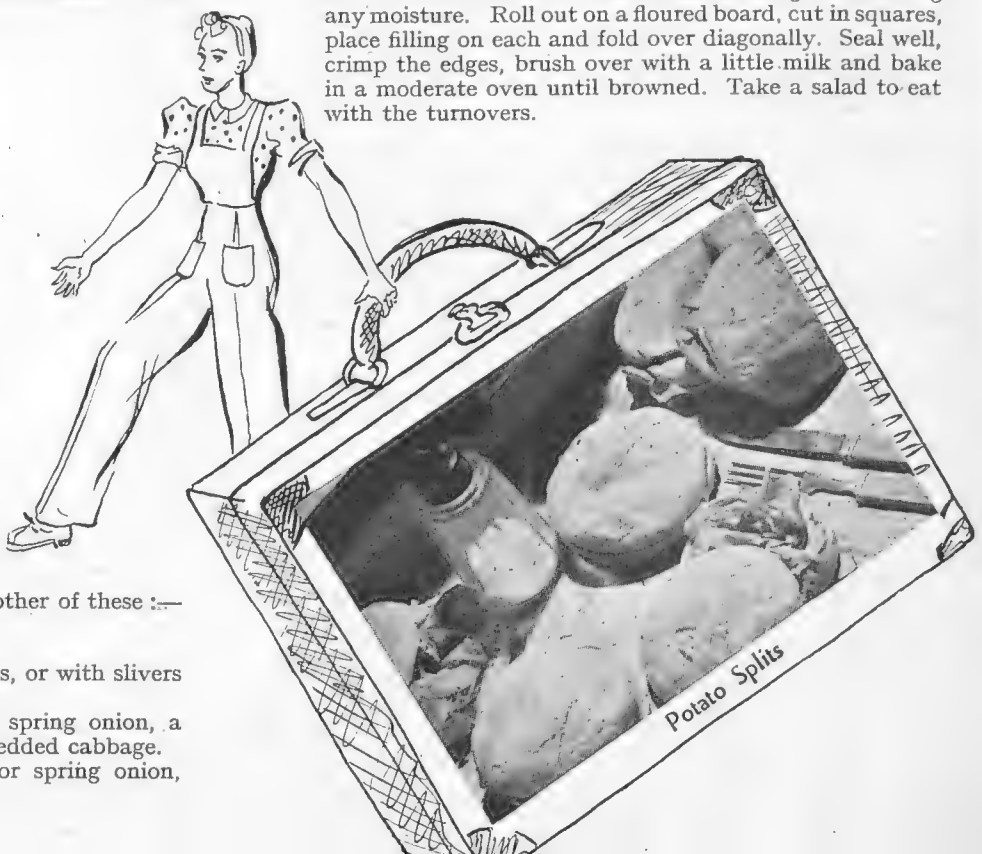
If you have your own garden, fresh mashed strawberries or raspberries with a little thick custard or synthetic cream.

Stewed cherries or gooseberries well drained (and, in the case of cherries, stoned), and mixed with a little thick custard.

PICNIC TURNOVERS

6 oz. flour; 6 oz. well-mashed dry potato; 3 oz. cooking fat; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; ½ teaspoonful salt

Mix flour, salt and baking powder. Blend fat with potato and rub it into the flour. Knead to a firm dough, not adding any moisture. Roll out on a floured board, cut in squares, place filling on each and fold over diagonally. Seal well, crimp the edges, brush over with a little milk and bake in a moderate oven until browned. Take a salad to eat with the turnovers.



Meals

taking a week off, you will
will be more than ever necessary
a day's hiking or biking, for at
Even Lord Woolton would not
order to economise bread when
have sandwiches. Try potato
pasties with a variety of fillings

FILLING

1 grated carrot; 1 grated turnip; 4 finely chopped spring onions; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; 1 tomato (skinned and chopped); salt and pepper; a little milk

Mix well together and use as filling for pasties; or fill with a mixture of pink salmon, half teacup thick white sauce and about ¾ lb. cooked mixed vegetables.

BEAN RISSOLES

Here is another recipe from the Ministry of Food. Take watercress or a lettuce salad to eat with the cold rissoles.

6 oz. cooked haricot beans; 1 oz. breadcrumbs; 1½ oz. flour; about 4 spring onions; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley; 1 oz. margarine; a little milk; salt and pepper; dripping for frying

Mix all dry ingredients together. Add the melted margarine. Stir up well, adding sufficient milk to make a stiff mixture. Shape into rounds. Roll in breadcrumbs or flour, fry in very hot fat until brown.

EGG SALAD

No longer, as a rule, do hard-boiled eggs go into the picnic basket, but you can have an egg salad just the same.

To make the "hard-boiled egg," reconstitute 4 tablespoonfuls of dried egg with the usual 8 tablespoonfuls of water. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of milk, and salt and pepper, beating up well.

Pour into a greased basin, and put this in a saucepan of hot water so that the water comes about half-way up the bowl. Cook slowly until the eggs are firm. Cool, and unmould. Slice the egg and pick a salad separately. Serve slices on a bed of lettuce.

SANDWICH SUGGESTIONS

Marmite, shredded raw cabbage and a little sugar.

Sliced scrambled egg (dried), and sliced pickled walnuts.

Grated raw carrot, slices of beetroot and over the beetroot a layer of grated cheese.

Peanut butter, sliced cheese and lettuce.

Green peas (cooked); mashed with a little top milk and sugar, and mixed with a bacon rasher (cooked) cut small.

SAVOURY BISCUITS

This is a Ministry of Food recipe for nourishing biscuits which need only be spread with a little margarine and sandwiches together in pairs to make a useful filler for the picnic basket.

2 oz. flour; 1 tablespoonful household milk powder; 1 level tablespoonful dried egg; 3 oz. grated cheese; 1 pinch each of mustard, pepper, salt; little water for mixing

Blend all dry ingredients, adding enough water to make a dry, smooth dough. Roll out fairly thin, cut in rounds and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Sweet biscuits can be made by doubling the quantity of flour, substituting 1½ oz. sugar for the cheese, and a drop of vanilla or lemon flavouring, or a pinch of ground ginger for the seasonings.

SNACKBOX BUNS

8 oz. flour; 2½ oz. fat; pinch salt; 2 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful mixed spice; handful of chopped dried fruit; about a teacupful of milk (household)

Mix flour, salt and spice. Rub in fat. Add the dried fruit and mix with the milk to a really stiff consistency. Pile in heaps on a greased tin and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

LUNCH CAKE

8 oz. flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 3 oz. cooking fat; 2 oz. sugar; pinch salt; 1 dried egg (reconstituted); about 1 teacupful milk; ½ teaspoonful allspice; 3 to 4 oz. chopped dates or sultanas

Mix flour with baking powder and salt. Rub in the fat, then add the sugar, dried fruit and spice. When all is well mixed, make a well in the centre and pour in the egg. Stir in well and use milk to mix to a softish dough. (You may need a little over the teacupful.)

Put the dough into a well-greased cake tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ to 2 hours.

If You Must Have Meat

CORNED BEEF MARROW

1 vegetable marrow; ½ lb. corned beef; 5 or 6 cooked potatoes (mashed); 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls piquant sauce; 3 or 4 spring onions (finely chopped); sprinkling of chopped parsley or chervil; stock or vegetable stock; sauce made with meat cube.

Peel marrow, cut in half lengthwise, and slice across into chunks, keeping the corresponding halves together. Mix thoroughly together the corned beef (chopped small), potatoes, piquant sauce, onion and parsley, using a little stock to moisten. Stuff half your pieces of marrow with this and put the other halves on as lids. Tie with string, arrange in a casserole, pour sauce over, cover and cook in the oven or on top of the stove (about 1½ hours).

BRAISED BEEF

About 2½ lb. flank or brisket of beef; 1 oz. dripping; 1 oz. flour; about 1½ lb. vegetables (carrot, turnip, onion, peas, runner or broad beans, etc.); 1 teaspoonful sugar; 1 teaspoonful vinegar; pinch or two of mixed herbs, salt and pepper; about 1 pint stock or water.

Trim joint, remove any bone and dust with seasoned flour. Have dripping very hot in a saucepan and quickly brown the meat on all sides. Remove meat from pan and put in half the vegetables. Lay the meat on these. Add vinegar, sugar, herbs and salt and pepper. Put in the remaining vegetables and pour over the stock, which should be boiling. Cover closely and cook very slowly (about 2½ hours).

AMERICAN MEAT LOAF

5 oz. American pork sausage meat; ¾ lb. cooked mixed vegetables (carrot, onion, parsley, peas, beans); 6 oz. cooked mashed potato; mixed herbs; salt and pepper; milk or water to mix.

Chop sausage meat and mix with vegetables and potato. Season well and moisten with a little vegetable stock. Form into a roll and steam in the can in which the sausage meat was packed, or bake in a moderate oven until well browned. Serve hot surrounded with a ring of spinach, or cold with green salad.

Night Out

For A War Worker

Long working hours and the absence of the men who used to share our playtime make stepping out a first-class event. So, when a night out comes along, make the most of yourself and spread the happiness and stimulation of one gay evening over many working days

IF you have been out of touch with gaiety for a while your first reaction to an invitation will be "nothing to wear," but don't let it worry you because neither have a lot of other people. These nights one can step out comfortably almost anywhere in a suit or an afternoon dress.

The right thing is to be well groomed, happy and unconcerned. The wrong thing is to spend money and coupons on a panic purchase which won't give you either value or service for the future.

Hard work and fatigue may seem to have wiped out some of your gaiety, but all you need to correct this is a little mental spring-cleaning. The quickest cure for any inferiority complex you may have developed in the months of hard work and no play, is to forget it. The moment you begin to think of yourself as a person with a handicap you *are* one.

Remember, you are probably a more interesting person than you were in those far-off frivolous days. You are certainly a more experienced and a more useful one, and these months, or years, of work and anxiety have given you something worth while, a new outlook, a finer poise.

In any case, it is of no importance if you haven't been anywhere for a long time, or that you are unfamiliar with entertainment spots and the technique of gaiety. This is something to be proud of. It also means that you are going to enjoy yourself a great deal more and that your escort is going to enjoy it, too, because being out with someone who is having a good time is the most fun of all.

Your own feeling of well-being depends upon perfection of detail and a confident assurance of your grooming. Hands, hair, accessories should be one hundred per cent. Give yourself a hand treatment the night before your date if you have had to neglect them lately.

Soak them first; then take a small knob of cooking lard (if you are out of hand cream) and massage it into the hands. Take time with this operation and the dirt will float out, leaving a delicious softness.

Fatigue wipes out beauty quicker than anything. Take time to relax thoroughly before the evening begins. Make your date a half-hour later if necessary to fit this in. On the other hand, don't give yourself too much time because this has a way of going wrong, too. Time to fiddle and to do your hair over and over is as bad as no time at all.

Pin up your hair; take a warm bath—not a hot one—wrap up in a dressing-gown and stretch yourself flat on the bed. Prop your feet up on a pillow just a little higher than your head.

Relax every muscle. Stop thinking, and rest for half an hour.

Have everything ready in time for your evening. Press your clothes the evening before. Put stockings, gloves and clean undies ready to hand so that dressing will be leisured and thorough in detail. No last-minute searches for something you need.

Get transport problems under control from the start. Find out about last buses and trains and don't leave it all to your escort unless he is practised in the art of black magic and can get you a taxi.

Put your best face forward . . .

War jobs leave little time for beauty ritual, but good looks and good morale go hand in hand. So make up your mind to put your best face forward every day; to see that your mirror reflects your faith in victory.

Yardley Bond Street Complexion Powder gives you a natural loveliness that is completely in the picture nowadays. And its delicate perfume is perfectly attuned to our new ways of life.

If you have any wartime beauty problems write to Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty consultant. She will be very glad to help you.

★ *With tax, Yardley Complexion Powder costs 4/-. Look for the familiar packing, but remember that though Yardley beauty-things sometimes wear wartime dress, they still have all the qualities you know and trust.*

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The First Day (*Continued from page 12*)

Vivien bit her lip as she pencilled the correction.

"I've gone to bits," she told herself. "What can they think of me?"

She was aroused by the sound of a sharp tapping upon glass. Looking up, she noticed a tall heavily-built man who was rapping impatiently upon a showcase to attract attention. She was glancing at him indifferently—since showcases were Edda's business—when, suddenly, her heart gave a leap as she recognised John's description of the anonymous agent.

This man had a fair skin which was florid and red-veined, ice-cold blue eyes and closely-shaven hair under his smart hat. She searched for the distinctive scar and found it when he turned his head—a smallish, red, angry, criss-cross under his left eye.

It must be X, she thought.

Then she glanced at the clock for confirmation and discovered that the time was nine minutes to twelve. She told herself that either the clock was slow or the agent was too early; but the discrepancy was a bad jolt and made her hesitate to contact him.

The tapping grew so insistent that it goaded her from the safety of her base.

If I make a mistake, she thought desperately, I'm for it. He'll ask questions. Questions about the address and who gave it to me. All sorts of questions. How can I explain it away with Georg and Edda listening?

Before she could solve her problem, she had reached the showcase. The man pointed to a cigar, grunted and flicked a coin down upon the glass. As she swept it up, she realised that lives might depend on the message and whispered rapidly :—

"To-night at eight, one hundred and three, Postgasse."

Then she waited. Nothing blew up. Indeed the man's reaction was so unusual as to justify her soaring confidence. Instead of staring blankly and asking her to repeat her words, he eyed her keenly and then turned nonchalantly in the direction of the restaurant.

She returned to the bureau with a springing step. Now that her message was delivered, she felt that she had exaggerated the risk. John would not entrust a dangerous commission to an untried recruit. It was merely as a matter of pabulum that she asked Georg a question.

"Is that man staying at the hotel for the night?"

"Yes," replied Georg, "I booked him in while you were upstairs with the boss. He's got eighty-eight."

"Good. Did you get top price?"

"Unfortunately, no. I could tell he was Prussian and naturally he must have our best suite."

As she was reflecting on the excellence of the agent's disguise, he strolled into the lounge, to get an aperitif. His hat was now removed, revealing a completely-shaven scalp.

"Blond hair." The words slipped back into her memory, awakening a dormant suspicion. She watched the man throw back his drink and then—in an effort to allay her subconscious worry—she began to look through a pile of papers.

Presently she heard a faint drumming and glanced up to discover its cause. The carpet beside the showcase had worn so threadbare that it had been cut away to reveal the parquet flooring. Upon this strip of waxed board, a man was doing a sort of elementary tap-dance, as though to register impatience.

He was signalling with his feet.

As she grasped the fact, she realised that this was the agent she had been told to expect. He was tall and very fair, with bright blue eyes. Although his head was partially shaven, the hair on top was flaxen, while over one eye was a livid white scar.

She looked at the clock and saw that it was on the stroke of twelve.

It was the worst moment of her life. She had made a ghastly blunder, even if it were no fault of hers. The mistake was due to the fact that fate—in a freakish mood—had contrived the same description to cover two men. Staring at him with horrified eyes, as though she had condemned him to death, she realised that not he alone, but other victims, would pay the penalty of her error.

The crisis sharpened her wits. She knew that it was impossible for her to slip away, in order to warn the agent at one hundred and three Postgasse. The entire management of the hotel depended upon herself, so that such unprecedented action would focus on her the limelight she must avoid. Probably, too, she would be followed and so give the whole show away. As she knew no telephone number to ring, the only chance to save the "twig" was through the blond stranger.

After first glancing swiftly around, she caught his eye and—daring greatly—made the Victory sign with her fingers.

"Are you the gentleman who booked a room over the 'phone?" she asked in her high official voice. "I'm terribly sorry but there has been a blunder. I forgot to reserve it. Georg, who has eighty-eight?"

"Herr von Ringner," replied the clerk.

As she stared at the agent, willing him to understand, she felt the flash of his response.

"Oh, bad luck," he said with a shrug. "I left it to a pal to ring you up about it. Did he leave any message for me?"

"No, Fräulein," broke in Georg. "The calls have been only for our clients. There has been nothing for this gentleman."

"On the contrary," Vivien informed, "I took the message myself, when you were not in the lounge."

"If there is one, it will be here," declared Edda, almost snatching at the memoranda slips in her eagerness to prove that Vivien had made another slip.

Instantly Vivien removed it from the girl's grasp.

"Allow me to know my own business while you attend to yours," she said.

Her brain worked feverishly while her fingers rustled the pile of flimsies. She believed that the "V" agent understood that von Ringner had received the information which was meant for him, but that was a minor point. The essential was to give it also to him and in such a manner as to awake no curiosity or suspicion in Georg or Edda.

Suddenly she took a bold step.

"I've found it," she said, removing a slip from the bottom of the papers and reading it aloud. "It says, 'To-night at eight, one hundred and three, Postgasse.' Your friend wants you to ring him. Here it is. You might forget the address."

The man glanced at the slip, on which was scrawled "Ring Laundry" and folded it and placed it in his note-case.

"Won't you have another room?" asked Vivien, as he turned to go. "We have some very good ones vacant. Georg——"

"No thanks," cut in the agent.

When he had gone through the revolving door, she shrugged her shoulders.

"Nothing but the best will suit his Highness. Who does he think he is?"

"Maybe he has a lady," sniggered Georg.

She was grateful for Georg's characteristic suggestion because it was proof of a normal atmosphere. She had carried through a daring bluff in the presence of her assistants—and it had sounded so like ordinary routine business that she doubted whether either could remember the message or the address.

During the hours when luncheon was being served, she had no time to think of anything besides work.

But during the slack hour after luncheon, when she was back in the bureau, she had too much time to think and realise her position.

She had saved the others at the price of her own safety.

After the Gestapo had raided the deserted one hundred and three, Postgasse, they would inevitably demand an explanation from herself. They would not believe her protestations of ignorance or any fairy-tale about a message given to her by an anonymous stranger. To them, she would be merely a girl who knew something—and who must be persuaded to talk. (*Continued on page 52*)

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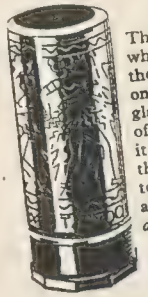

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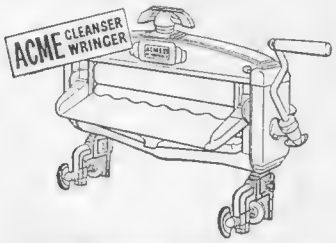

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When the lounge was beginning to fill with afternoon patrons, she noticed a girl who was greedily sucking up raspberry sirop at one of the small tables. Her short fur coat, the tilt of her veiled hat and the way she crossed her legs were all familiar, but she could not place her immediately. She frowned—because it was her boast never to forget a face; but within a few seconds, her professional prestige was restored.

She recognised the girl as the daughter of a well-to-do business man and—incidentally—a minx. She was fond of sweets and had patronised the Monopol Café regularly, until recently. Presumably her absence was caused by illness, for her full cheeks were pale and her little dark eyes no longer shone with vitality.

Vivien noticed also the nervous twitch of one eyelid as she approached the girl.

"You've deserted us," she said reproachfully. "Why? Is the sirop better somewhere else?"

"Oh, *no*," the girl assured her. "It's divine. I've missed it terribly. But I've been away in—in a holiday camp."

The explanation was overheard by Edda who commented on it when she returned to the bureau.

"That little fool is learning sense," she whispered spitefully to Vivien. "Holiday camp? The Greeks have a name for it: concentration camp."

The blood seemed to drain from Vivien's heart as she listened.

"What did she do?" she asked.

"Nothing, so to say. She was having a drink with a pick-up when the Gestapo pulled him in and her as well. It took time to persuade them that she didn't know the man from Adam, but they let her go. She was lucky."

"*Lucky?*"

"Naturally. It is bad policy for the Gestapo to admit mistakes. They were rather rough with her, trying to make her talk—but of course, she has forgotten all that."

Only yesterday, Vivien would have heard such a tale in silence and then tried to forget it, with all the other things which must not be remembered. Since then, a gulf had been crossed and this story was her own—with one ominous difference. The girl was innocent of intrigue while she was deeply involved.

Their fates would be the same. She shuddered as she thought of "rough treatment" and wondered whether she could endure protracted pain. Her chief dread was that an admission might be wrung from her when she was in a dazed condition. Then she realised that Edda was speaking.

"What a fool to pick up a stranger. You and I, Fräulein, are too wise. We know that the hotel is packed with Gestapo agents posing as business men. Sometimes I wonder if your brooch keeps them guessing. Of course, here we know it is your initial."

The words made her realise that while she was facing the gravest peril, there might be worse to follow—the bitterness of betrayal by some one very dear. Suddenly she could endure the confinement of the lounge no longer.

"Carry on, Edda," she said. "I'm going out."

Too overwrought to wait for the lift, she ran up to the first floor. Old Steiner was his own best patron, for he occupied a vast apartment, furnished with stuffy Victorian splendour. He was bed-ridden, but, in spite of his age, his vast bulk had not shrunken.

"I'm going to the shops, darling," Vivien told him. "Can I get anything for you?"

"No, my dear," he replied, "but you can do something for me." He pointed to her initial brooch. "Don't wear that again. Didn't you know it is the Victory sign?"

Vivien had never seen his jovial face so grave. Suddenly, the sour atmosphere of the sealed room swept over her. She felt on the verge of fainting as the spark of suspicion, smouldering in her brain since she had heard Edda's story, now flared up in distrust of John.

She remembered that she had accepted him without credentials, other than his alleged British birth. That claim might be false, and even were it genuine, nationality excludes

no one from the ranks of traitors. As a matter of cold fact, she had been attracted to him so strongly that she had walked voluntarily into his net.

"I must get away at once," she told herself in a panic.

She kissed her great-uncle fondly and when she reached the door, she looked back at him, wondering whether she would see him again. Then she rang for the lift which jerked her up to her room. Without a plan and not daring to pause for reflection, she rammed on her hat and dragged on her coat. Then she ran downstairs, hurried through the lounge and passed through the door out of the Monopol.

When she was in the street, she boarded the first tram-car. She did not know its destination, but when the conductor came to collect her fare, she had presence of mind to say "All the way."

It will take me somewhere out, she thought. I must think. I must *think*.

In a half-comatose state—which was the aftermath of her brain-storm—she gazed through the dirty glass at the parks, the avenues, the groups of statuary and fountains. Presently they rolled over stony setts out to the country.

As she looked at rows of stacked foliage, blackened by frost, she suddenly thought of old Steiner, because he was especially fond of beans.

For the first time, she realised that he might pay the penalty of her disappearance.

They won't believe he knows nothing, she thought. I must go back at once.

Because she was going to her doom, the return journey seemed much shorter.

It was while they were waiting for the traffic signals to change colour that something happened—something as hideously unnatural as an evil dream, where a friend turns suddenly into an enemy. Suddenly she saw John in the street, standing on the pavement-kerb. Acting on impulse, she jumped from the car and ran towards him. Apparently he recognised her for he half waved to her before he hailed a taxi and was driven away.

He can't look me in the eyes, she thought bitterly. Well, that's told me all I want to know.

When she entered the Monopol, she was dead to sensation. Sustained by courage bred of force of habit, she smiled and chatted to acquaintances on her way through the lounge. Afterwards, she put on her overall, as usual, and helped the chef in his preparations for the dinner.

Again she watched the clock as the hands left the numeral eight and began to travel imperceptibly around the dial. When they reached the half-hour, she knew that at any moment, she might be interrogated.

But although she expected a summons, when it came, it took her by surprise. She was listening with unfeigned interest to a stout man's account of his triplets and looking at the snaps of three super-babies, when the waiter touched her arm.

"Pardon, Fräulein," he said. "A gentleman wishes to speak to you in the lounge."

Her heart leaped and then seemed to stop as she forced herself to walk out of the restaurant. When she entered the lounge, it was nearly deserted, so that the first person she saw was the Prussian, von Ringner.

"You asked for me," she said with desperate courage.

His smiling eyes menaced her with the terror of a cat playing with its prey.

"Fräulein," he asked softly, "who gave you that message for me?"

She moistened her lips to utter, for the first time, the lie that must be repeated while her endurance availed, or to the end.

"I don't know. I never saw him before."

His smile broadened as he patted her shoulder.

"Wise girl," he said, "you know when to forget. Good. I will buy you something pretty."

Snapping his fingers at Edda, who produced a withered bunch of Neapolitan violets from the flower-stall, he presented them to Vivien, clicked his heels and marched out of the lounge. (*Continued on page* 54)

You remember the day when you declared for brighter bathrooms and yielded at last to the appeal of those beautiful, pastel-tinted VANTONA towels? "Morning Joy" was the special name for them, wasn't it? How good to find now that the name still rings true, that your VANTONA towels wear and wear as if they knew that there was a war on. They'll last till happier days bring you more selections of these lovely towels, guaranteed for you by the same familiar name tab.

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IT IS NATURAL enough that the bulk of Heinz famous foods should now appear in ward-rooms and mess-decks or at dusk beneath the shadow of a tank.

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For none of the old skill is lost in preserving nourishment and delicious flavour, and with a can or two of Heinz oven-baked Beans or perfect Soups in the house you can always put up a memorable meal for the war-workers of the family. Like this for example:

HEINZ 57 *Varieties*

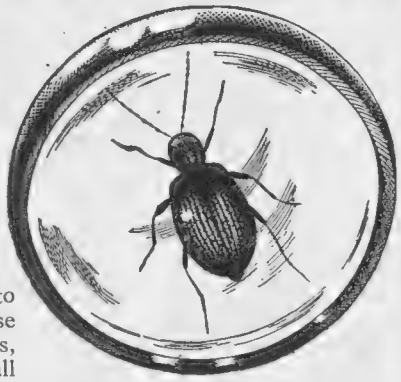
HEINZ
VEGETABLE PIE

Put a layer of Heinz oven-baked Beans in a deep pie-dish. Add a large breakfastcupful finely diced mixed raw vegetables (seasoned) and a further layer of beans Rinse the can with enough water to moisten the ingredients. Cover with potato pastry, brush with reconstituted dried egg and bake for 35-40 minutes in a moderate oven till cooked.

Soups
Baked Beans
Salad Cream
Mayonnaise

H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD. LONDON

Beetles destroy food stocks



Coleoptera (or to give them their common name : beetles) are by far the most numerous specie of insect pest found where food is stored.

They infest bakeries, hotels, canteens, hospitals, and large centrally-heated buildings to an alarming extent : and cause colossal damage to flour, meals, cereals, dried fruits, and all kinds of food products. Both the adult insect and larvæ are destructive.

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The Pest - Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., which is available everywhere, has made a special study of the problem of the beetle : and also effectively deals with infestations of cockroaches, crickets, and steam-flies.

Illustrations show adult beetle and larvæ, magnified. The slightest suspicion of either on your premises is the signal to communicate with Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., at once.

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All the benefit of ripe oranges in a delicious and appetising preserve.

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Jam & Marmalade

ON WAR TIME STANDARD—BUT
Still Unique in Quality

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Newcastle-on-Tyne, Ely, Horsted Keynes.

She stood staring after him in dazed wonder as she fastened the violets to her dress. While she was fumbling with them, John passed through the revolving doors and walked towards the girls. He was the picture of a smart and larky business-man as he greeted her with a familiar grin.

"I see you've been decorated. Who's my rival? Well, I've had a successful day. What about a drink?"

As Vivien walked beside him to a table in a distant corner, he spoke to her in an undertone.

"Never run after me again in the street. It might give a wrong impression and attract unwelcome attention to yourself. I'm not safe to know intimately."

"You cut me," she reproached him.

"You? Never. I only want to protect you. But I gather, from the violets, that your gentleman friend approved your discretion?"

"Yes. I can't understand it. John, I made a terrible blunder."

"I know and it's all been taken care of. Our Mr. X reported it to me. It was stinking luck—the sort of thing which would only happen once in a hundred times.

"Was the nice second man Mr. X?"

"Of course. We don't mention names. He tumbled to your bluff and called the tea-party off. He told me you were like an old-timer. Nice work."

As his eyes approved her, she thrilled to his praise.

"The snag was this," went on John, "it put you on the spot. Von Ringner would know that no girl would dare to play a practical joke on him and he would make it his business to find out who was behind you. I couldn't stand for that. . . . I've been on the job all day, saving you. My hat, *what* a day!"

"What happened?"

"Nothing much. Von Ringner and company turned up at one-o-three, Postgasse, on the stroke of eight. They found it dark and

The First Day

shut-up. A man stood in the doorway expecting them. He pushed a parcel into von Ringner's hand, whispered what it was, and then cleared off."

"Wasn't he followed?"

"Definitely no. Von Ringner loves his stomach; and the black market penalties are stringent. You see, I fixed up a pleasant and natural solution of the mystery. *Food.* Food—the one subject about which no questions are asked."

John tossed off his drink and laughed again.

"He'll look on it as a bribe—necessarily anonymous. He'll probably connect it with the next person to hint at preferential treatment. But nothing will be said. Some other blighter will get the credit for my day's hard labour . . . and *how.* Every hour of the day, I've bought, I've begged, I've borrowed. —I've even stolen. Nothing too small to swell the main amount. You must bribe handsomely or not at all."

"What was it?" asked Vivien.

"*Butter.*"

As their laughter rang out, she looked at him with shining eyes.

"What a thrill it is," she whispered. "And you and I are in it together."

Turning to a guest who drew near, as though to share the joke, she pointed to a vile caricature of an Englishman in an illustrated paper.

"Mr. Vanderpant was showing me this funny picture," she said. "But he won't believe me when I tell him I'm English."

Then the man joined in their laughter; but the eyes of both John and Vivien were dreamy. He was thinking of the future. Some day . . . and she was hearing faint far-away thuds, all beating in time together.

A vast underground army was marching on to victory.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

by a writer who has matured purposefully since the hectic days of "Confessions and Impressions."

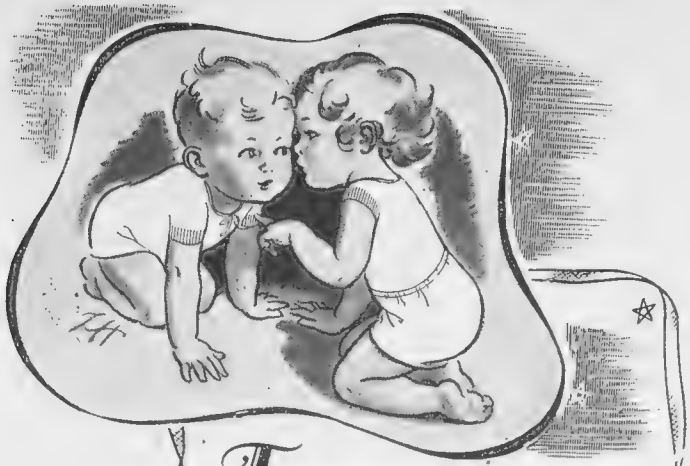
It's Ireland, too, where we climb "**Hungry Hill**" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) to see the copper mine John Brodrick sank there in the 1820's, and hear Miss Daphne du Maurier's story of the curse which descended on his family because he had not asked the hill's permission. "Your mine will be in ruins," old Morty Donovan warns him, "and your house destroyed, and your children forgotten and fallen maybe into disgrace, but this hill will be standing still to confound you." They say cheerful things like that in Ireland; and in this case the prophecy was fulfilled through illness, drink, mine flood, and Brodrick-Donovan feuds, until the mine is sold and derelict, and the Donovans' great house of Clonmere, which stood on the land, a burnt-out ruin. But the hill remains, as hills have a habit of doing. So does Miss du Maurier's reputation as an interpreter of the dramatic full measure.

SUNNY Australian beaches and sheep farms await us in "**They Sailed by Night**" (Faber, 6s.) by Miss I. A. Shead, Australian Empire announcer on the B.B.C., for it is to these, and a new life, that three London children go "for duration" when their homes are blitzed. On the voyage out Jerry Bryant and David and Kathy Blair are bombed by German planes and torpedoed by a surface raider, but they win through to happiness as guests in a kindly country, talk to their parents back home on the Empire radio, and see undreamt-of careers ahead of them—Jerry as a sheep rancher. A real, human story, written with gusto.

Russia, mostly in the early years of the revolution, is our next port of call. In "**Frossia**" (John Lane, 9s. 6d.) we see it through the eyes of an ardent young woman, daughter of a Petersburg jeweller whose family committed suicide when the revolution came. Frossia remains, alone, hungry, to work as a typist, teach French at a workers' institute, help and console those weaker than herself, defy proletarian fanatics, and generally find her own salvation. A dwarf and a headstrong communist fall in love with her; she finds peace in marriage with a middle-aged philosopher. For some tastes she may seem too earnest, but her adventures and reactions enable Miss Em. Almedingen to sketch for us a memorable picture of the Russian people in turbulent transition.

THE Holy Land, re-created by Manuel Komroff from Scripture, legend, and historical documents, beckons us in "**In the Years of Our Lord**" (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.). "For many years," he states, "I have imagined myself wandering through the narrow streets and bazaars of ancient Jerusalem. Curiosity led me to search in many places for any grain of information which might help me to extend the blueprint of this part of the ancient world where our civilisation was born." So he retells the Jesus story in novel form, and although it is not as colloquial, it should appeal specially to all who enjoyed the broadcasts of Miss Dorothy Sayers's "The Man Born to be King."

Our last novel—Miss Kitty Barne's "**While the Music Lasted**" (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.) —brings us back to London: to the Kennington home of music teacher Dr. Claud Salet, whither comes Karen Forrest, at sweet seventeen, with a piano scholarship, as boarder. As Mrs. Salet reflects: "Was there ever so vociferous a profession, so obstreperous an art?". An actor does not stump his room all day learning his lines out loud; a painter paints in silence; a writer positively avoids noise; music, however, has to be churned out for at least four hours a day by young things like this Karen. When Karen meets their son Andy, modernist devotee of the revolutionary Steinberg, she finds that music is indeed the food of love—a love caught in the European political tangle. Miss Barne knows her musical background and makes her characters vital, so it is a live, moving story. (*Continued on page 56*)



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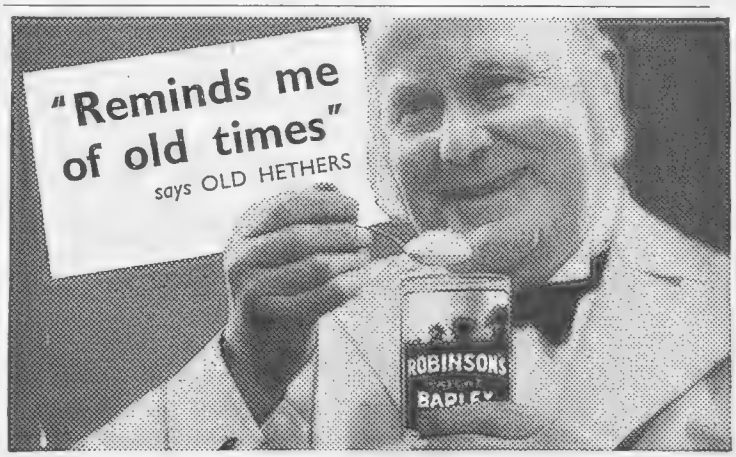

" . . . when we all used to make my famous barley water at home. You see, the war's put a stop to Robinson's Barley Water in bottles, and I'm back to Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in tins. Not that I mind, for it's as easy to make as a cup of tea, and the same as the kind that went into the bottles. I allow that flavouring puzzled me a bit, now that I can't get hold of lemons, but experience teaches, as they say, madam, and I've learned a trick or two. Juice from stewed or tinned fruit is very good, of course, but would *you* have thought of honey or jam—or, better still, a dash of lemonade powder, if you can get it? See if you can beat me at my own game, madam, and invent some flavouring yourself."

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Barley Water *made from* 'PATENT' BARLEY

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In two non-fiction books we are off again on exciting journeys—to Narvik, through the British naval attack and German occupation with Mr. Theodor Broch's "The Mountains Wait" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), the inside story of that stormy ore port and its simple, resistant people by its mayor who had to negotiate with the invaders and trick them in his modest way. It is absorbing, hearing of our gallant actions from the shore end, the day-to-day behaviour of the Nazis, and the obstructionist ruses of our stubborn allies—notably when the commandant demands slippers and is sent a window-show pair miles too large!

Prince Hubertus Loewenstein's "On Borrowed Peace" (Faber, 12s. 6d.) is an exile's Odyssey—from 1933 Germany to Austria, Italy, Spain, Prague, America, England, Newfoundland. Leading member of the Catholic opposition to Hitler, he fled, with his wife, from storm troopers, to fight outside Germany the growing Nazi power. There are disclosures about Laval's agreement with Hitler, French with German industrialists, over the Saar question; Dollfuss's assassination and Schuschnigg's belated stand in Austria; the author's talk with Mussolini about German opposition to Nazism; and other political happenings in an erupting Europe. In America he awaits the return of a wiser, sadder Germany to Republican ideals.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

secret, confessing that she was a woman, pure and free from carnal sin.

The bishop took a deal of persuading, but at last Catalina in woman's attire was carried through the streets in a litter, escorted by pious nuns, as a public exhibit of the powerful Catholic Church. It was then that she was given her nickname of "Nun-Ensign."

In the midst of these developments came the sudden news from San Sebastian that she had never taken the vows, and therefore could not be considered a prisoner of the Church at all.

With a sigh of relief she at once donned male attire again. Exploiting her notoriety she travelled around a great deal, everywhere greeted with cheers, and at last returned to her beloved Mexico, where the last and most interesting phase of her career took place.

At Jalapa there was a young lady of great beauty who required an escort to the capital where she was to take the veil. Catalina, whose real sex was no longer a secret, was selected for the task. The mayor, however, who was responsible for the young lady's safety, was disinclined to trust the tanned and virile applicant; so before giving his consent he crept round to the wooden hut where Catalina lived and spied on her while she was taking a bath. After which, no further objections were raised and the cavalcade proceeded on its way.

Catalina felt uneasy and sad about the prospect of letting her fair charge be immured in a convent all her life; but her fears were unnecessary. On reaching her destination the señorita revealed that a handsome caballero was waiting for her, to offer a bridal veil instead of a monastic one.

Now it seems that Catalina had been toying with the idea of making this girl the companion of her declining years, for she felt greatly attracted by her; so she tried to dissuade her from the marriage. The incensed bridegroom insulted her, and she challenged him to a duel, which he declined.

The marriage took place and Catalina had to content herself with a few occasional visits to the girl who now had little use for her company.

One day, however, in some public resort, the handsome caballero was attacked by a band of ruffians. Catalina happened to be near at hand and rushed to his assistance. She pushed him behind her and faced the cut-throats with drawn rapier.

In a short time they dispersed in terror, and the caballero was safe. He asked her why she had risked her life for him, and she told him with a sad smile: "Your wife is the only human being I have ever loved, and so it is natural that I should preserve the object of her affections. I always wanted to do something for her. Now I have done it."

The caballero was so touched that he could hardly find words in which to express his feelings. They shook hands warmly, and Catalina went away alone, to face the last and uneventful part of her strange life.

A curious creature she was; full of vitality that could not be put to use without deception, well broken to violence, a born fighter who yet possessed that most delicate of human feelings, an instinct for motherhood—and having it too late, was doomed to die an old maid, lacking the chance to lavish affection on anybody.

In closing the book of her life, one is left with the conclusion that she was a fascinating enigma.

END

A London Peep Show

(*Continued from page 20*)

more than fourteen years ago when I first saw such a sight—in Hollywood. Talk about shows!

In Lower Regent Street I was invited to step inside a Halifax bound for Berlin. And it was all so well done, every blessed detail in place. Often I have paid real money to see a side show that had not a tithe of this entertainment appeal.

Trafalgar Square! I wonder what Nelson up there thought of an R.A.F. band playing Gilbert and Sullivan at his feet? Across the way, concerts, grand concerts in the National Gallery. I wonder how many people have said to one another as they came out of the concert room: "Supposing we have a look round at the pictures, seeing as we're here, like?" The Revolution of London; you're telling me.

It has taken a blitz to show London to Londoners and to the strangers within her gates. I think the whole world has become London conscious, conscious of the bravery and courage of its citizens, but only those who have had the privilege of seeing London as it is can properly gauge the top-notch standard London has reached among the capitals of the world.

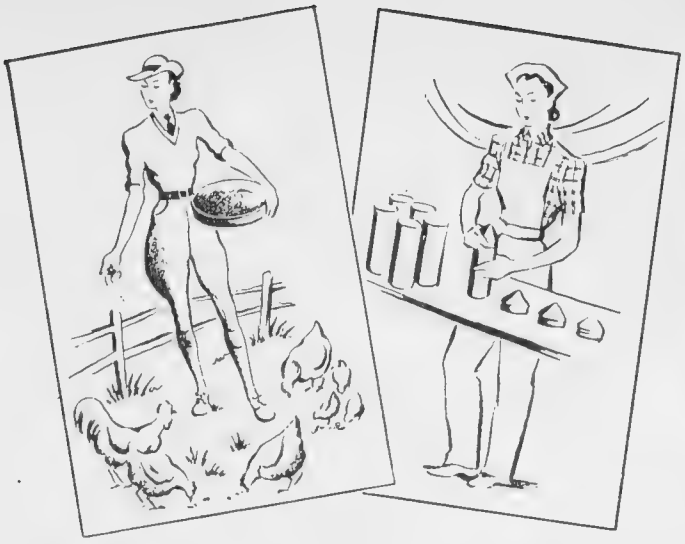
In the Strand I was invited through a loudspeaker over a disused tea shop to step inside and have a free view of a film about the Fire of London; the fires of London. It was a grim but great show. As we filed out, a little thoughtful, we were invited to drop our small silver coin into a fireman's brass helmet.

Those firemen of London, their powerful-looking battleship-grey engines and fire-fighting apparatus, they are one of the noblest sights of London Town.

I thought that the numerous foreign uniforms would have made London more cosmopolitan, but I was wrong and I am glad I was wrong. These strange uniforms provide the colour to our streets, but they accentuate the "Londoners" of London; they call attention to the very characteristics that, once hidden, now stand out in bas relief.

London, no doubt, is used to many things to which I am not—yet. I am used to women policemen, but I am not used to women red caps, strolling two and two. I am not yet used to other London Peep Shows, such as American and Canadian military police, doing their jobs in London as unconcerned as if they were in Lexington or Quebec. There are so many things this Londoner is not used to, but, in the meantime, he takes his fill of gape seed, looking at the Revolution of London Peep Shows, running from peep hole to peep hole, as excited as a kid when the circus comes.

END



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his *leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.*

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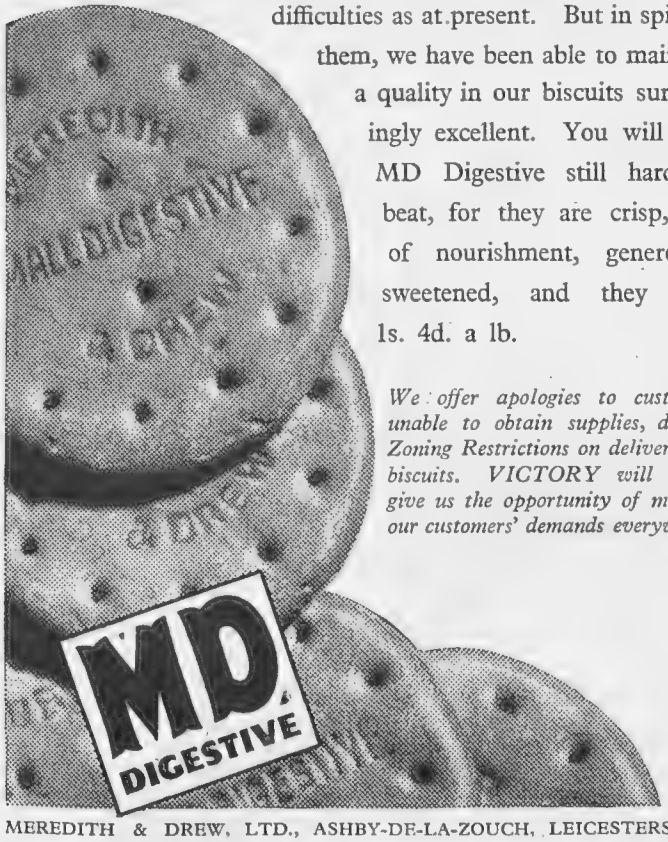

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ENJOY ALL WE WANT OF WHAT WE LIKE

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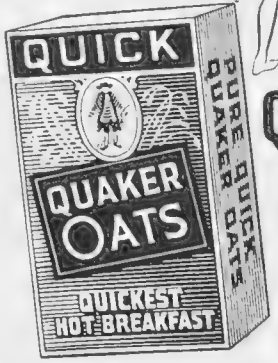

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"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"..

Phosferine
HEALTH SALT

From Chemists everywhere 2/- and 3/6

TONES AS IT CLEANSES

Jungle Harvest

(*Continued from page 15*)

—for here, written unmistakably in every article, in every book, in the design of the one main, high room—with its great and obvious importance attached to space—was written a man's character.

No biography written of Putnam, the "pygmy expert," recluse, wealthy American who had chosen to exile himself in the jungle, could have been more expressive, or three-dimensional, than the picture I built up of him that night. This was confirmed by another "queer" character, another self-exile, about whom this story centres. And this man gave me the answer to certain feminine touches I felt that I had noticed about Putnam's abode, which, otherwise, would have let me go on with quite a different impression of this odd American's sense of values.

EARLY that morning we saw some pygmy hunters ahead of us. They had a net, like a big-meshed, rope-made, fishing net, with which they had been trapping deer. One of these tiny deer, no bigger than a fox-terrier, was suspended round one of the pygmy's neck. It is remarkable that in this forest of giant trees—some tower over 200 feet, smooth as a monstrous grey cylinder, before they shoot out a single green leaf—these tiny people, the pygmies, should live, living on these tiny, unbelievably delicate little deer. These tiny little hunters who smear themselves with elephant dung (because the huge elephant's sense of smell is his only protection), actually walk right up under his belly—to push a spear into him! They kill the elephant with more nonchalance than any white man with a rifle will go after a leopard. For, as one more expert pygmy stabs the elephant from beneath, two other pygmy elephant experts both cut, at the same time, from behind—to hamstring him. And it was painting a picture of perhaps this same troop of pygmy hunters (who had jumped into the jungle as we tried to draw near them) that we came on what I consider, perhaps, the most interesting human find I discovered in the Congo.

Wishing to get some more information about Putnam (it was still Putnam, you see), I stopped at the clearing of what was obviously a white man—and came on a man feeding an animal whose like I had never seen before in the flesh. It was built like a horse, yet it was striped like a zebra (in dark chestnut and white, however); and it had the head of a giraffe. This was an okapi.

There were none of these alive in the zoos of the world, this peculiar white man told me. He had sent two to Brussels, but they had both died. He (the Belgian Government) was being paid $5,000 for this one, by Chicago. $5,000, as I stood looking at it here in the Belgian Congo; yet, he assured me, it would almost certainly die, even if it did reach America. And he also added: "I hate sending it."

(A specimen of this weird animal is housed in the Antwerp Zoo, and there is also a specimen now at the Zoological Society's Gardens.)

He and the pygmies had caught this rare animal, with another that he then showed us, only a few days before in a pit the pygmy hunters had dug in the forest.

He said you could stand within twenty feet of an okapi, when in the forest, and not see it. The reason was that these white stripes on its dark chestnut sides were identical with the slashes of white light that the sun shoots down into the shadows of the deep forest. Therefore, if the okapi doesn't move, it is almost invisible. He then made the sudden statement: "We could do the same."

But the invisibility he was talking about was not of the physical body. That, he suddenly began to assure us, was a trivial matter. It was in the mind; the ability to merge your personality with the jungle. He talked on. With the abrupt suddenness of his first statement, another truth then made itself clear to me: here, in this man, was an adventurer in philosophy—whose ultimate purpose transcended that of recluse, Putnam, and made Thoreau's *Walden* the work of an unimaginative and uninspired amateur. Both he and Putnam (except for their complementary wives) were sole, self-sufficient, self-dependent, and both were sensitively absorbent to the world they had deliberately chosen to live in. But whereas Putnam, with commendable good sense, had used his ample means and civilisation's transport facilities to bring all the goods that he wanted of the world to his remote bungalow—compensating for this by his excursions with the pygmies, whereon he must have eaten more unmentionable food (pygmies will eat a lion when it is rotting) and endured more physical hardships than any white man would or could endure with any other brand of natives—this man had stuck strongly to Thoreau's contention that "the wholesome wants of man are few"; and, more important, had isolated himself as much as possible from the outside world. Newspapers and the radio, as I remember, he said only distracted him.

After his twenty odd years as a colonial *administrateur* had been completed, his pension earned—with its years of peaceful retirement in Belgium—he asked Brussels to let him go back to the Congo again. He did not want to retire there, he made plain; he wanted to work, and he asked them to create and appoint him to the position of game warden of the Ituri Forest.

He smiled when he told us this, for—possibly due to some ineradicable *bourgeois* streak of respectability in his character—he wanted to have a reason—and *acceptable* reason, mind you—for turning his back on Europe to live the rest of his days in the forests of the Congo. That was the pretext. His real reason he then gave us: "I am an artist."

He then brought out some of the paintings and water-colours he had made during his solitude in the jungle. Most of them were technical in their subject; the elephant traps of the Bantu natives—an eight-foot spear-point of solid steel, fixed in a huge length of tree, suspended by a trip-vine across an elephant walk. Deer, caught by snares attached to bent-over bushes. And so forth. But through them, like some of the animals themselves he had painted—just indicated in the jungle—was the trace of that *something* which was his peculiar art. The jungle as *he* saw it. And, staring at these depictions, I became intensely aware that *I* was seeing things in the jungle which I had not seen before.

I began this article by saying that there was no colour in the jungle—just this everlasting wall of green, with that occasional vivid scarlet flower. But here was the whole spectrum. I turned from the easel, and, looking into the jungle surrounding us, also saw. And at that time, in the Ituri Forest in darkest Africa, my mind jumped to the picture of Paul Gauguin, in Tahiti, and the strange paintings he had done on the walls of his thatched hut as he was dying of leprosy—the hut, with these wall-paintings, which he had ordered, burned when he was finally dead.

The native woman with whom Gauguin had lived had burned the hut, and all she could ever explain about the paintings was, that even she could make no sense out of them. I have an idea that this Belgian painter's companionable and capable wife was also at loss as to what her husband was trying to paint. When I asked them about Putnam's wife (if there were such) both of their faces lighted up with a happy smile.

"Oh!" exclaimed this wife; "she is very, very beautiful. She is a Mexican lady. And she loves the jungle! She loves the pygmies! She, and Putnam, are always with them!"

I drove on. In twenty yards I was swallowed by the everlasting blank wall of the Ituri Forest again.

END

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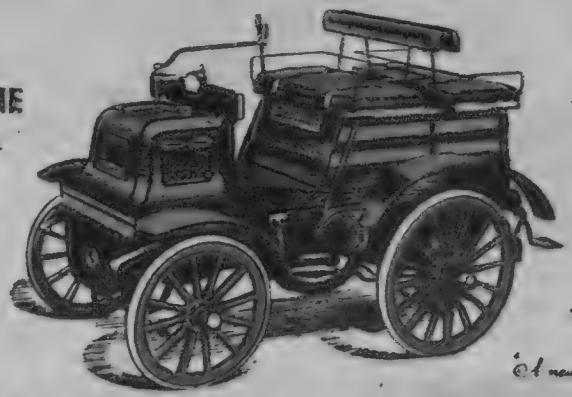
MAY 1896

THE GREAT HORSELESS CARRIAGE Co. Ltd

HAS THE HONOUR TO PRESENT

This NOVEL vehicle is propelled by an
INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE
OF 2 CYLINDERS AND 6 HORSE POWER
relying on petroleum for its motive force

THE MECHANICAL carriage
will attain the comfortable speed of
TWELVE MILES PER HOUR
on the level, while hills can be ascended
and descended in safety



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is admirably suited to the needs of the
SPORTSMAN
AND LOVER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.
giving as it does full facilities for
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FRESH AIR AND AN
UNINTERRUPTED VIEW OF THE Scenery

'A new mode of transport that has undoubtedly come to stay'
– VIDE DAILY PRESS

THE TWIN-CYLINDER 6 H.P. WAGONETTE {See Engraving}

To every motor-enthusiast of 1943

This delightful advertisement of the "Great Horseless Carriage" of 1896 was as advanced in its field as was the machine itself! In those days motor cars were decidedly for the few; but things have changed since then. The pleasures of motoring have spread to ever-widening circles, and in this social revolution Daimler has taken a conspicuous part.

Today this famous company is engaged on essential work, and there are no new Daimler cars for the public; but in the better times to come Daimler will be very much at the service of every motor enthusiast.

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD. Daimler LONDON and COVENTRY

In DOLCIS shoes, thousands of women throughout the country have sought and found the qualities so essential to wartime footwear—grace of line, perfect comfort, and above all hard wear.

DOLCIS
"AMBITION"

Dolcis ALWAYS

THERE IS A DOLCIS SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

The Magic of Plastics

(*Continued from page 25*)

your host, tactfully, if he does not find such a large car expensive to run, for his house is not exceptional, but just an average suburban home. "It's cheap by the standards of the early 'thirties when I started motoring," he says with a smile. "Although it seats six people comfortably, it weighs no more than that first 'ten' I had which gave me thirty-five miles to the gallon. I get sixty to the gallon out of this. That's partly due to new fuels, but also to the great saving in weight through the all-plastic engine and coachwork." He stoops and without undue strain lifts the car by its front fender so that you can see the wheels, almost completely concealed by the coachwork. "Look at these tyres—they've done 10,000 miles and are virtually unmarked. They are guaranteed for 40,000. The new plastic rubber, you know."

Does this seem a very fanciful peep into some distant Utopia? There is not a single article in this description but could already be made. The description, indeed, is based upon recent statements of specialist and skilled scientists working in Britain and the United States.

Some of the new plastics discovered must remain secret until the end of the war. But details of others are announced almost every week. Recently, for instance, the Chemical Engineering Department of Columbia University, New York, announced the development of Thermocast, a plastic as hard as steel, but lighter and easier to mould. The material is to be used immediately for the making of blocks, dies and jigs, those vital items in fabricating the metal parts of planes. According to Professor James Church, Thermocast will presently make it possible to stamp out whole large sections of metal aircraft on large plastic forms, with plastic punches, much the same as a car body has been made in one piece. In fact, plastics are already playing an important part in the manufacture of aircraft, some of it secret, but other, such as the Perspex of which gun turrets are made, well known.

What are plastics? The term covers synthetic materials as soft as artificial silks and hard as gear wheels; as opaque as armour plate and as transparent as glass; as pliable as chewing gum and nearly as hard as diamond.

Chemists have various ways of classifying plastics. They may be classified according to their chemical origin. There are group names such as formaldehyde-urea, benzyl-cellulose, vinyl-acetate and cellulose-acetate. The three great sources of plastics are synthetic resins, cellulose derivatives and proteins. Or they may be divided into two great groups according to their behaviour under heat. The thermoplastics, of which celluloid is the most familiar example, may be softened and worked under moderate heat. The thermo-setting plastics, like Bakelite, as their names indicate, must be made and moulded at the same time, for once formed, they cannot be remoulded. The only all-embracing definition of plastics is that they are synthetic materials which can be easily shaped by pressure and heat.

Even to-day plastics are all round us in great variety, even if we do not always realise it. The probability is that your gramophone records, cigarette case, fountain pen, car—if you still have one—torch case, tooth brush, safety razor, gas-mask visor, electric-light switches, wireless set, to mention only a few things, are wholly or largely made of plastics. Indeed, even at this dawn of the Plastic Age it would be difficult to sit anywhere without having some plastic object in sight. There are hundreds of different plastics, each with its special name. Yet these are merely the beginning. There opens before the chemist an apparently limitless vista of new plastics, each with its special properties of hardness, flexibility, resistance to heat or chemicals, translucency or transparency making it unique for a particular purpose. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the point has come where the manufacturer can give to the chemist the specifications of a new material he requires, a combination of properties and colours, and reasonably expect the chemist to produce it. One of the advantages of plastic over almost all other materials is the "fastness" of their colours in endless variety. The colour is not just in the "skin" that may be worn off, but is part of the material itself and will last as long as it does. It is wrong to think of plastics as substitutes for metals, wood and other materials. They are completely new man-made materials with characteristics of their own.

The chemistry of plastics is very complex. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that chemists themselves do not fully understand it. The molecules of plastics are very large (although invisible) consisting of a great number of atoms "knitted" together with many links in all directions. The chemist puts it that the plastics have molecular weights up to 100,000. The starting point for the majority of thermo-setting plastics is a synthetic resin, produced when two organic liquids are mixed and heated.

Bakelite, for instance, is made from the resin produced when carbolic acid and formaldehyde are heated together with a catalyst. The resin is separated, completely dried and then powdered. It is then inserted in the moulds to be pressed out by a die. Varying degrees of heat are required—in the case of Bakelite, the heat is 175 deg. C. The resin first "flows" and then becomes a hard substance with a high polish from the mould. The only further treatment required is, in some instances, annealing and machining the rough edge left by the mould. Compare this process with, for instance, the elaborate machining necessary for many metal and wooden articles.

The manufacturing processes vary very greatly with different plastics, but this may be taken as typical. The moulds are sometimes made of fine stainless steel to prevent marking of the finished product and withstand the temperatures and pressures. Thermoplastic resins, of which celluloid is typical, are more easily manufactured, for after formation they have merely to be softened by heat and they can be moulded into any desired shape without great heat or pressure. But, of course, they are not suitable for use where heat and pressure are likely to be encountered.

Although I have spoken of the present seeing the dawn of the age of plastics, plastics themselves are no new things. Chemists used to get resins "accidentally" when mixing organic liquids and curse the gummy mass. The first plastic was really celluloid produced over seventy years ago by J. W. and J. S. Hyatt by "plasticising" gun cotton with camphor. The resin formed from formaldehyde and urea was discovered in 1897, but no further use was made of it until less than twenty years ago. The real story of plastics begins in 1906 with the discovery in the U.S.A. of Bakelite by Dr. Baekeland. It was the foundation of a new industry, the first great new "raw material" not found in nature. Since that date an ever increasing number of plastics has been produced for an ever widening variety of purposes, but it is only under the stress of war with its shortage of raw materials, particularly wood and metal, that the enormous possibilities of plastics has begun to be widely recognised.

The great item in the construction of the aircraft of the future may be not aluminium and magnesium alloys but wood. We talk to-day of "wooden planes"—the Mosquito is the most famous. But this is not the same "wood" as was used in the early construction of aircraft. The magic of plastics turns plywood from a (*Continued on page 62*)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

The best tea-time preserve

Robertson's BRAMBLE SEEDLESS

and the best coupon value

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping war-workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (Inc. Tax)

ANADIN TABLETS REGD.
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

Cuticura
OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs, there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores
200

Eat without Pain

Is your system still trying to digest your last meal? You are troubled with wind round the heart and painful indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. This acid spoils every mouthful you eat. It makes food indigestible.

You can stop these distressing attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They remove the cause of digestive upset at once. Whatever you eat—your food remains sweet and digestible. The stomach functions naturally, without any painful after-effects. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND (Regd.) **TABLETS**

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

fragile, splintering material into one as strong as metal, but lighter, more easily moulded and lacking the roughness inevitable where thousands of pieces of metal must be joined by rivets. This roughness is very important in the air and may make as much as fifteen per cent difference to speed.

How is the magic brought about? By laminating plywood with plastics, so that wood and plastic are bonded into a single whole.

The advantages claimed for plane construction of this type is ease of construction—a far greater proportion of unskilled labour can be used, a better "skin" giving up to thirty per cent more speed for a given horse-power, fire and corrosion resistance, strength equal to steel and greater rigidity for a given weight. The polished plastic surface is weather and dent proof.

A catalogue of plastics for 1943 issued in the U.S.A. fills 860 pages. Much of it, of course, is concerned with the war effort. The editor in his introduction speaks of plastics making housewives forget soon how the Japs "bottled up the rubber industry." The size of the catalogue is an indication of the part already being played by plastics. A book ten times this size would probably not give a complete account of plastics ten years hence.

The United States enjoys enormous advantages in this great new industry. Britain has been a pioneer, but the industry has not developed as fast as it might and research has no doubt been checked by the war. We have heard much of the post-war development of aviation and other industries, but no mention of plastics except for the warnings of some specialists. We can only hope that when the war ends the many comparatively small concerns will get together and ensure that Britain has a leading place in this new Age of Plastics, as she enjoyed in the Age of Iron and the Age of Steam."

(The illustrations which accompany this article are reproduced by permission of British Industrial Plastics, Ltd.)

END

The Magic of Plastics

Some Small Quaint Churches

(Continued from page 42)

Several of the tombstones tell of the tragic deaths of brave men killed on the surrounding mountains; three men aged twenty-six, twenty-seven, and twenty-nine, lost their lives whilst climbing on Scafell, the highest mountain in England, on September 21, 1903. The timbers of the roof are reputed to have been part of a Norse galley.

In a beautiful situation close to Thirlmere is the whitewashed church of Wythburn lying under the mighty mountain Helvellyn. It gets its name from the principal beck which feeds the lake. Hartley Coleridge visited it often and this is what he says of it:—

Humble it is, and meek, and very low,
And speaks its purpose by a single bell;
But God Himself, and He alone, can know
If spiry temples please Him half so well.

Matterdale Church is on the road from Troutbeck Station to Patterdale and is another of the delightful Lakeland churches. It is a very primitive structure which will delight every one visiting it.

Not far away from Bournemouth, on the Dorset-Hampshire border, is the small church at West Parley. This pretty little building of Norman design makes a lovely picture of rural beauty with its tiny square bell tower.

Two tiny churches are to be found in Wiltshire, at Tytherington and Winterborne Tomson, the later having a very quaint old-fashioned interior with apsidal end. Funds raised by the sale of a Hardy MS. were used to restore this church a number of years ago.

Lullington Church, Sussex, is said to hold the title of "England's Smallest Church" as its measurements are 16 feet square. Actually it was a much bigger building and during the Civil War the nave was destroyed; traces of the nave foundations are still visible. The church now consists of the former building's chancel. The bell-cote is very picturesque and looks very much like a pigeon-cote.

Kent has a tiny church at Paddlesworth, near to Folkestone. It is a building with an Early Norman chancel and nave with Saxon windows and long and short work. This is what they say about Paddlesworth: "Smallest church, lowest steeple, highest ground, finest people."

A famous church in Essex, also in the small class, is Greensted sub Ongar beautifully situated in lovely surroundings. It is one of the most unusual churches to be seen in the whole country, and is also one of the oldest surviving wooden churches in England.

It is reputed that the body of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, was rested in this unique church for one night whilst on its journey from London to Bury St. Edmunds in 1013.

There are, of course, many more churches which also claim the distinction of "smallest," but I will conclude this article with that of Culbone, Somerset. Far from the highway, this lovely little place of worship, almost hidden by tall trees, is a complete structure of Early English and Perpendicular architecture with chancel, nave, and a very small south porch. It has a spire-shaped tower topped with a weather vane. Inside is seating accommodation for thirty-three persons.

END

The Friendly Elephant

(Continued from page 28)

The sergeant air-gunner marched—that was the word for it—round the last corner of a hedgerowed lane, into the village street. The blood pounded in his temples. An old woman aimlessly edged away from him. He saw her. His whole being was a receiving set for infinitesimal waves of human emotion. His stride did not falter. His eyes glittered.

Two schoolboys stared at him. He saw them, took no notice. A gaping policeman coughed, reddened. An embarrassed infantryman—embarrassed for no reason the infantryman could understand—shoved a cigarette into his hand and fled.

"Gawd," said the sergeant air-gunner to himself, "I wonder whether I can stick it?"

Suddenly, by the "Old Hart," where you come past Lazenby's little novelty shop, he heard a child's voice as quickly as he had heard a woman's gasp.

"Mummy, mummy! It's just like the story book. There it is, the fwiendly ephalump." In a second two little arms were around him and he was holding up the little girl. She was enthralled, radiant, yet unafraid.

"Mummy been weading me the storwies about Jumbo the fwiendly ephalump, and now I see the fwiendly ephalump all dwessed up like daddy. Oh! Fwiendly ephalump, it's all twue." And she kissed the sergeant air-gunner on the elephant's trunk which he had gained for serving his God, his King, and his country.

Her mother looked him in the face; kept looking.

"Her father died outside Arras," she said. "88 Squadron. And now the three of us will have tea at Mrs. Lumsden's shop."

A crowd which thought it should have been a crowd dispersed, ashamed of itself for ever having halted its several paths.

Little fingers patted the sergeant air-gunner's face. Now his heart was as firm as had been the marching of his feet and the swinging of his arms, for his soul belonged to him and there were no forces of which once he could have been afraid. "Per ardua ad astra."

END

What's wrong with this picture ?

It doesn't take a moment to spot the most obvious thing wrong. Look at those chocolates they're eating — aren't they Caley FORTUNE Chocolates? Quite impossible of course. No more delicious FORTUNE are being made now, *not until after the war.* Meanwhile, Caley's chocolate stays in battledress — Norwich Plain and Norwich Blended Chocolate in blocks.

In case you haven't discovered errors Nos. 2 and 3—take a look at the R.A.F. officer's sleeve (2) there shouldn't be a loop on his rank markings. (3) Did you ever know of a June with 31 days?

CALEY

Nutritious! — and Delicious!

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RADIO AND TELEVISION

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KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED
FOOTS CRAY, KENT

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

EVERY SLICE ALWAYS NICE!

Your bread will be all that it should be if it's PROCEA — fresh, wholesome, delicious. There is no excess starch in PROCEA BREAD, but it *is* abundantly enriched with body-building proteins. PROCEA BREAD is even more attractive than before the war.

If your baker does not sell 'Procea,' write for address of nearest distributor: Procea Products Ltd., Cambridge Works, Hanwell, Londo

KEEPS FRESH LONGER

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KERFOOT

KERFOOTS MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the manufacturing experience of eighty years

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MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH·ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

•

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1

STOP THAT COLD WITH

VAPEX

A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

On Duty — and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

pull your tummy in and tuck in your tail under the pressure of your hand. If possible, practise this for a minute or two night and morning.

It may not be as inconvenient, but it is just as unbecoming, to be too thin as it is to be fat. I was discussing this problem with an American the other day who said he would guarantee that any woman would put on weight if she drank two glasses of water half an hour before each meal. I cannot promise that this is true, because I have not seen it work, but it is well worth trying; and whether it puts on weight or not, the water is certainly good for one's health.

It is no good pretending that war work is good for your hands; and nothing spoils the party spirit more than work-roughened hands. Nails crack, cuticles become ragged, and even in the summer one's hands are inclined to be red and rough. However, you can still get a little cuticle oil and cream now and then. Guard it well and use it regularly and economically. There is no great shortage of hand lotions. Use them when you come off duty at night, and again in the morning. Remember always to rub from finger-tip towards the wrist. If you want to make your hands look snowy white, hold them above your head for a few moments.

There is not much cleansing milk on the market, but you can still get the Anne French, and it is very soothing, especially during the summer.

END

For Basking or Bathing

(*Continued from page* 37)

Leave other 71 sts. on holder until later. Work on the 35 sts. and k. 2 tog. at the edge nearest the 8 sts. that have been cast off on every other row until there are no sts. left. Return to 28 sts. and k. 2 tog. at edge near cast off sts. every row until there are no sts. left. Work other side to correspond, having 28 sts. at outside edge, cast off 8 sts. next and 35 sts. near centre.

Sew up side seams. Pick up 112 sts. along bottom of each leg and work bottle st.st. for 16 rows. Cast off very loosely with a larger needle.

THE GUSSET

Cast on 2 sts. in camel. Work st.st. and make 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 46 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 2 sts. left. Fasten off.

THE BRAS (in camel)
THE CENTRE PIECE

Cast on 48 sts. Work the pattern for 3 rows then continue pattern and at same time k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

RIGHT PIECE FOR TOP OF BRASSIERE (to which the shoulder strap will be sewn)

Cast on 56 sts. Work the pattern and make 1 st. at right edge of work (right side facing) every other row for 8 rows. Continue to make 1 st. here on every other row, and k. 2 tog. at other edge on every other row for another 8 rows. Now continue to k. 2 tog. every other row at left edge and k. 2 tog. every 3rd row at right edge until there are 4 sts. left. Cast off.

LEFT PIECE FOR TOP OF BRASSIERE

Work as other piece but substitute left for right and right for left, still keeping right side of work towards you, and thus making a piece with shapings at opposite edges to correspond.

4 PIECES ALIKE FOR LOWER PART

Cast on 24 sts. Work the pattern and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

THE RIB STRAP

Cast on 12 sts. in green. Work st.st. for 29 ins. Now work 2 buttonholes as follows: work 2 sts. Cast off 2, work 4, cast off 2, work 2. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

Helping Hands

STYLED BY

Peggy Sage

FINGER-TIP and TOE-TIP SPECIALIST

Peggy Sage is trying to give a helping hand to all the hands that are helping the war effort. But supplies are limited and clients are asked to exercise the utmost economy in the use of Peggy Sage Preparations — and to exercise patience when these Preparations are difficult to obtain.

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Spotlight on Service
W.R.N.S.
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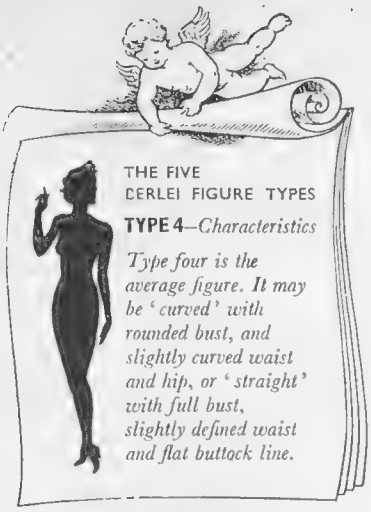
THE FIVE
BERLEI FIGURE TYPES
TYPE 4—Characteristics
Type four is the average figure. It may be 'curved' with rounded bust, and slightly curved waist and hip, or 'straight' with full bust, slightly defined waist and flat buttock line.

Fit for Wartime

Above you will see one of the Five Types into which Berlei research has analysed all feminine figures. Berlei's method of fitting is based on this system, and Utility Berleis are cut on the same principles as their pre-war sisters. So it is essential that when you buy a Utility Berlei you should be fitted and secure the garment designed for your type. Utility Berleis must inevitably lack many of the refinements that have made Berlei so famous. But in their spartan simplicity of design you can always detect the shadow of Berlei perfection—the loveliness that will return when the war is won.

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THE GIRDLE

Cast on 12 sts. in green. Work st.st. for 46 ins. Cast off. Sew like a tube and turn right side out.

THE INNER EDGES FOR BRASSIERE (2 alike)

As girdle for 6 ins.

THE SHOULDER STRAPS (2 alike)

As girdle for 19 ins.

TO MAKE UP

PANTS

Sew in gusset, putting points between straight edges at centre. Hem legs and waist, putting elastic into each if possible. Make 4 belt slots by casting on 12 sts. Work all k. in camel for 6 rows. Cast off. Sew them at waist and thread girdle through.

THE BRAS

Sew 2 pieces of lower part of brassière together by their cast-on edges. Do the same to other pair. Place them down in front of you on table with seams upright. Sew cast-on edge of top parts of brassière on to top of the pairs. Sew shoulder straps along sides, allowing ends to tie bow at back of neck. Sew centre piece between the two pieces first made. Bind lower edge of brassière with the centre of rib strip, sewing 2 buttonholes together to make one, and allowing ends to button round back. Sew inner strips to top pieces, gathering together at centre V.

LARGER SIZES. 36-in. bust, 38-in. hip. One more oz. camel is needed.

THE PANTS

BACK

Cast on 108 sts. and increase to 150 instead of 142. Divide into half, having 75 each side instead of 71.

Do the same to front, having 8 extra. Work 28, cast off 12 (instead of 8). Work 35. Continue as 36 measurement.

THE BRAS

Work centre piece as 34-in. size. Cast on 64 sts. instead of 56 for each top piece and keep these 8 sts. extra all the way until the end, then reduce to 4 sts. as 34-in. size.

Cast on 32 sts. instead of 24 for each of the 4 pieces for lower part.

Back Room Drama

(*Continued from page* 19)

The minister was conscious of a gentle dew upon his forehead. He hesitated for a moment, then said abruptly: "Very well. Read it, Jarvis."

But as the secretary took up the paper, the minister checked him.

"Wait! Mr. Selwyn—perhaps I'd better explain that when we fully realised the value of your apparatus, which was only a day or two ago, we detailed the ministry police to get a little information about you: keep an eye on you generally. This was for security reason. Well, this is their report, apparently just come in. All right, Jarvis. Go ahead."

The secretary began to read:—

"Six weeks ago, Hubert Selwyn's wife, and a government-employed technician, Walter Grier, billeted on the Selwyns, died in mysterious circumstances. It has so far proved impossible to establish the precise cause of death, as an unprecedented cardiac condition obtained in both cases. An open verdict was returned, and the case is still under investigat——"

Jarvis broke off sharply as there sounded that faint scraping of the needle against the rotating cylinder in the black box.

Selwyn said: "Listen!"

The piano was sounding what were evidently the closing bars of Mrs. Selwyn's song. The pleasant voice and the piano merged into the faint scraping of the needle, then Walter Grier's voice said:—

"That was—lovely."

"It's rather a favourite of mine," Mrs. Selwyn's voice said, and she added softly, with a lingering and unmistakable significance, "it's called—'Fallen May.'"

Grier's voice was not quite steady. "May? Your own name——"

"Perhaps," said the woman's voice, lightly, from the black box, "that's why I like it." There came into her (*Continued on page* 66)

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The high grade steel from which KIRBIGRIPS are made is wanted for the war effort—but limited supplies are distributed to the shops; you will receive your share by asking for them frequently.
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tone again that teasing significance: "It's rather—challenging, isn't it? *Fallen* May——"

The scraping of the needle against the cylinder filled a brief silence. Then May Selwyn's voice sounded, half whispering:—

"Oh, Walter—darling—it's been hell. So long——"

Grier's voice said, anxiously questioning: "Hubert——?"

"It's all right," the woman's voice said impatiently. "Does he *ever* come in from that damned laboratory before midnight?"

"Darling," Grier's voice whispered. "I hadn't dared hope. Darling——"

The needle scraped against the cylinder. Selwyn moved sharply, clicked the machine into silence.

"*Fallen* May," he said, musingly. "Fallen—in more ways than one." He looked across, with his quick, half-shy, half-cunning smile, at the minister. "I made my final experiment," he said, "on the night after my dictaphone recorded what you've just heard. The experiment was—completely successful!"

The minister sat very still.

"You see the point I missed in carrying out that experiment?" he said. "I entirely overlooked the fact that, if I put my apparatus up to you, it was bound to be linked sooner or later with those two deaths. Scotland Yard is still investigating, and the cardiac condition, to any one who knows my apparatus, is distinctive. You see why I so nearly destroyed the apparatus? But—but then I got to thinking about what a man owes to his country, in wartime——"

The minister cleared his throat. His voice

Back Room Drama

sounded hoarse and strange to him, in the still room: "You came forward. That, at least, was a courageous decision."

"Courageous?" Selwyn laughed, briefly. "I don't know. You see—you said that this may very well be the idea that can win the war. You said yourself that its value, in wartime, was beyond computation."

The minister nodded, slowly. His right hand rested against the drawer of his desk, but didn't open it.

"Yes—I said that."

"I came here this afternoon," Selwyn said, "in view of your letter, determined to tell the whole story. You see—I decided, before ever I submitted my apparatus to you, that there was about a fifty-fifty chance."

"I don't," the minister said, very softly, "quite follow you."

"No?" Selwyn was studying his hands carefully. "Yet we agreed there are two questions: the question of what a man owes to his country—and the question of *what his country owes* to a man who furnishes it, in wartime, with such a device as mine!" Again, for a moment, he glanced up at the minister with his odd, brilliant, sidelong smile. "I don't want to die," he said—and shrugged. "It's for you to decide."

The minister's hand still rested against the drawer of his desk, but didn't open it. Jarvis stood rigid. The silence lengthened in the room.

Softly, nostalgically, Selwyn began to whistle "Fallen May."

END

Winning the Battle of the Fields

(*Continued from page 29*)

fertility to land that was formerly derelict.

One of the reasons why grass-seed production was not more widely practised before the war, was the fact that little attention was paid to the pedigree of such herbage seed as was used—the farmer who wouldn't have dreamt of sowing a field of oats, for instance, unless he knew the strain of the seed he was sowing—taking little interest in the quality of herbage seed. This apathy often resulted in poor crops, produced perhaps at a loss for the farmer, and tending to give herbage crops the reputation of being difficult to manage, unreliable and unremunerative.

The work of the National Institute of Botany, and the associated committees, has changed all that—the vital importance of sowing good strains is fully realised—the fact that the growers of the stock seed of Aberystwyth strains of grasses have achieved success without previous experience, proving the point without any possible doubt.

The harvesting of grasses comes—rather conveniently—between the hay and corn crops. Timothy and red clover are ripe after the corn, early white clover is cut for seed from the end of July to early August—unless wet weather unduly lengthens the flowering period.

Ordinary travelling threshing machines are normally used for threshing most grass seed crops, the contractor being booked up by the farmer in strict turn with his neighbours. The gang of the thresher, before the war, usually consisted of the driver (and the boss), the feeder, two men on the stack, two more on the stack of threshed straw or grass, one to carry away the cavings, another to remove the filled sacks from the end of the thresher, and where water had to be carried from a distance, a hand to attend exclusively to this duty. In addition the carting away of seed to the granary might occupy another couple of men.

Nowadays the War Agricultural Committee usually supplies four or five land girls with the outfit, but the driver and feeder are always skilled men supplied with the tackle—all the rest of the labour must be found by the farmer.

END

Mistress of the Seas

(*Continued from page 32*)

plates on its side as light reflectors, when an enormous black fish, quite unlike anything she had seen before, came sinking into the depths.

To say that she was surprised would be putting it mildly. Never having seen a submarine before she had no idea that man had invaded her elements so completely. Her eyes bulging, and her nerves as much on edge as those of a turtle can ever be, she stalked slowly around the stranger, wrinkling her nose and sniffing at the cold iron plates when she discovered, much to her amazement, that the strange creature had neither tail nor fins.

As a matter of fact, so absorbed was she in the stranger's utter unresponsiveness she failed to hear the muffled thunder of churning propeller blades overhead and was caught flat-footed, so to speak, by the depth charge that, exploding directly behind her, hurled her violently against the iron hull.

Dimly aware that she had encountered, for the first time in her long life, a force stronger than her own, she was doing her best to collect her scattered wits when a second and third, explosion rocked the submarine on its heel. Thoroughly frightened now, she put her walking-beam legs in motion and started for the surface.

Seized now by an overpowering anxiety to lay her eggs, she tucked a wave under her chin and settled down to a steady breast-stroke that ate up the distance at an astonishing speed.

When she first sighted the lifeboat she mistook it for a log, or piece of wreckage. Presently, repelled and attracted by the obnoxious man-smell, she veered towards it to discover that it was a storm-battered lifeboat containing two inert figures, that of a man and a boy.

Deciding that nothing but trouble would reward too lingering a visit, she veered away just as the man gripped athwart with a sun-blackened hand, pulled himself painfully to his knees, and searched the sea with bloodshot eyes. Catching a momentary glimpse of the waves breaking over the turtle's carapace he

Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"I had treatment for a time"

"Can you tell me where I can obtain advice on treatment for Venereal Disease? I contracted it some years ago. I had treatment for a time but did not keep it up . . . I am afraid it may recur one day . . ."

The Doctor replies:

"Men and women often start treatment and then, when the outward signs disappear, they are naturally very glad and think, quite wrongly, that all is well. So they don't carry on with the treatment. That is one of the dangers. Though *you* may not see the signs any longer, the germs often continue to live in the body and, if treatment is not completed, can cause serious trouble later ; the patient who stops treatment too soon also risks giving the disease to wife or husband. After the treatment has been completed the Doctor must make several tests before he can be certain of a cure. I enclose the address of the clinic where you can continue treatment, and I do earnestly advise you not to delay."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, Department of Health for Scotland and the Central Council for Health Education

(M-6-30-WM)

stiffened, then fell to trembling with excitement. "Hey, boy," he croaked through cracked and swollen lips, "we must be near shore."

The boy stirred and groaned. "You have been saying that ever since that black stoker went overboard," he said resentfully. "You can't fool me any more."

"But I'm sure of it this time," insisted the man. "I've just seen a turtle."

"A turtle?" cackled the boy hysterically. "And what am I supposed to do, jump overboard and kiss it?"

"But it's a sea turtle, I tell you," panted the man weakly, feeling for the nearest oar, "and I know that they lay their eggs on islands."

Many nights later, annoyed and flustered by the lifeboat that had been dogging her heels with the stubbornness of despair, the giant sea turtle, well on the course that had been mapped out by her forebears centuries before, finally floundered up the shelving beach of a tiny island. She was home, and the quarrels and bickerings of a war-made world sank into insignificance compared to the tremendous importance of laying her precious eggs safely in the sand.

Digging a trench was difficult and awkward to one of her physical construction. And as she pushed and shovelled she looked up, once, to see the lifeboat touch the shore and spill its hysterical passengers on to the beach. Then, eager to fulfil her destiny, she laid the eggs, delicately tinted spheres, carefully in the trench and covered them with sand.

The job was done. Wheeling ponderously about she started for the sea ; it, after all, was her home. And somewhere out there in the moonlit waters her gargantuan spouse, faithful unto death, was waiting for her.

END

War Begat These Gains

(Continued from page 13)

meteorology, making for safer, all-weather flying.

The improved weather forecasting will also be of good service to agriculture—and is not this to be a Britain yielding many times as much as formerly from the good earth? Bring urban amenities to the village and the preference that many pre-war town-dwellers are showing for the countryside will do the rest. Such is the belief. I believe in a new English countryside, though we said the same thing a generation ago and it came to nothing. Whatever happens, the farm-worker is sure to be more on the map, a definite gain in this over-industrialised isle which needs more "straight brown furrows, growing crops and pasture land."

I am chary about including in this sort of survey of concrete gain such matters as education, but I shall include physique. Disraeli had it pat about health : "The health of the people is really the foundation upon which all their happiness and all their powers as a State depend." The era of social medicine and health centres is here ; above all, of preventive medicine, and can you doubt but that the dreadful suffering of this war has stimulated thought into a resolve to have all health within human reach—and no matter what caused the ill-health?

On the plus side, too, is the improved physique that men and women in their millions will bring back from their lives in the forces and war work.

I hesitate to include such matters as social security and a reduction in want. All one is justified in saying at this stage is that certain ideas have taken root.

In more concrete vein, take the new drugs that have been conjured from coal because the Allies found themselves cut off once again from German chemicals. And we are threatened with nothing less than a Plastic Age as a result of wartime advance. Unbreakable, bendable plastics taking the place of wood, glass, metal. Plastic houses, plastic furniture. Even the weak of eye and the poor of teeth will benefit by plastic lenses and dentures.

Then you saw what housewives want for all the homes that are *(Continued on page 68)*

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being promised them? A flat roof for extra accommodation in summer; a balcony; hot water always; no corners; insulation from noises; any sun going; a maximum of privacy. I like, in particular: "adjustable inner walls so that several combinations of rooms can be arranged." Nothing like variety in the home to keep members of the family from chafing one upon the other.

"Let's feed to-night half in dad's den and half in the hall."

Post-war wardrobes are certain to be shaped by the present process of finding out what we can do without. Especially the women's fashion racket of incessant change, very often for the worse, will be less slavishly followed, leaving money for more sensible spending. This angle is really at one with salvage. The war has taught what a huge amount is usually wasted.

Two further gains: the probing towards a common instrument of speech and a common

War Begat These Gains

token of currency. Having gone into the question with those most closely involved, my own view is that the world auxiliary language (displacing no other tongue but running beside all tongues) will turn out to be basic English spelt in natural form. Regarding currency, the Bancor versus Unitas contest must be placed on the plus side of the war's effects.

END

The Dragon's Son

(*Continued from page* 16)

proclaimed the republic, with himself as first President. It was 1912, Chiang twenty-six.

Sun had disintegrated the Manchu regime, but he had not taken China. In provinces scattered over 4,300,000 square miles, local army chiefs took over their respective domains; and warred among themselves for more power. Sun and his entourage fled. With them went young Chiang. Sun lectured him on his San Min Chu I (principles of free government), and his Three Principles: socialism, nationalism, democracy. Chiang obediently listened, but read the maxims of mentor Tseng Kuo-fan. "*One must not rely upon others, because in so doing one weakens his own character.*" Chiang had seen Sun's strong point. It was money backing by Soong and company. And his weak point, which was lack of force. Now, to one who had both control of money, and force. . . .

The western world exploded in war. Thirty nations fought. Chiang watched the play. As it ended, revolutionary Russia needed a strong China to check Japan. Sun, back in China, sent Chiang, now thirty-six, to Moscow. Chiang learnt all the Red war experts had to teach, then returned, founded the Whampoa military academy, and headed it. He worked fast. When Sun died, two years later, Chiang had what he needed: control of a trained officers group. He was ready to go: and so were his Kremlin friends. They sent down adviser Borodin, and the fight with the independent war lords, and for a Kuomintang-ruled China, was on.

From it, Chiang emerged as China's strong man. Outlying war lords were willing to play ball with the Generalissimo: none could challenge his dominance. He had only one trouble. All popular revolutionary leaders have it: even Hitler couldn't avoid it. It was the showdown between Right and Left revolutionary wings. Chiang swung right; in a party purge, several thousand communists perished. Communism was narrowed to a group of armies in provinces beyond Chiang's reach. Borodin, disappointed, retired. China's foreign embassies continued to be tenanted by gentlemen of culture, whose elegant wives wore their nails mandarin-length.

China had begun to change, as, incredibly, the sound of motor horns polluted the silence of the rose-walled Imperial City and the inner sanctuary of the Temple of Silence. The velocity of change rose as machine guns replaced pikes on the bastions of the Great Wall, and aeroplanes began to frighten the two-humped Bactrian camels carrying tea from China's fields across the Mongolian Desert to Urga.

Among the things changing were Chinese marital customs. It was no longer done in Kuomintang circles, to have a Number One wife, and some more, in one household. Now, Chiang Kai-shek had dutifully married young and had two sons, the eldest born when Chiang was only twenty-four. As Generalissimo, he wished to contract a new alliance, one of the heart and the head. The belle of Shanghai was Mee-ling Soong, youngest daughter of millionaire Soong, the money power behind the Kuomintang. Soong had two other daughters. The eldest had married Sun Yat-sen, Chiang's patron and inspirer of the nationalist movement. The second was married to H. H. Kung, lineal descendant of Confucius, and finance minister. The youngest, Mee-ling, product of Wellesley College, U.S.A., was a kind of Chinese Garbo. The dragon's warrior son, lean and hard and wary, looked at Mee-ling, a woman tall for a Chinese, with a lean, lovely face, and a businesslike mind he could respect; and he set aside his old-fashioned wives, and married her. Henceforth they were inseparable, in private, and public. To a busy world the Generalissimo was the Gissimo. Mee-ling, in her own right, was, and is, the Missimo.

Chiang's marriage was at once a love match, a dynastic alliance, and a State appointment. Mee-ling is his foreign minister, chief propagandist, and personal envoy. She advises, negotiates, orates, cajoles, and fights. When Wendell Willkie arrived at Chungking in his four-engined bomber, he found in his garden house fresh American daisies in Ming vases, and American cigarettes. The Missimo had personally set the house ready for the useful guest. Wendell Willkie did some good private and public propaganda work for the Gissimo on his return. So did the delectable Claire Luce, whom the Missimo charmed in like ways.

THAT was fifteen years after a honeymoon interrupted by the descent of the Nipponese upon China. They came into the three northern provinces of Manchuria in 1931-1932, assuring their iron, coal, timber, and soya bean supplies for larger future adventures; seeped down into Jehol and Chahar and Hopei provinces, preparing a springboard; and then, in the summer of '37, launched their armies for the China conquest.

It was the Global War kick-off, although the Western democracies did not grasp that. Jap planned to meet Nazi somewhere in South Turkestan and the Indian Ocean. The original programme was disrupted for several reasons, one being that the British ceased appeasing and went to war as the swastika bombers roared over Poland, necessitating a Hitler swing west before the big swing east. But the first timetable hold-up occurred in China. The Japs had reckoned to finish in five months. Instead, the fifth year found them still bogged down.

For the dragon's son met the invaders with a blast of fire and claws of steel. He scorched the earth, traded space for time. Lacking powered wheels, he carried industrial plant back in junks and rafts, and on mule and man back. Lacking girders, bolts and nuts, when Jap bombers broke Burma Road steel bridges, he repaired the rents with twisted bamboo and grass rope. Stalin sent him supplies through Sinkiang and down the 1,500-mile-long Old Silk Road. The Americans and British sent him more through Rangoon and up the 1,500-mile-long Burma Road.

Fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtze, in the wild interior of Szechwan, Chiang stood. He made a war capital in Chungking, on the precipitous slopes of the iron hills above the confluence of the Yangtze and Kialong Rivers. It gained fame as the world's most bombed city. Chiang deployed 3,000,000 soldiers, under tough young generals, over six fronts, and 2,000 miles. Ill-armed, minus tanks, planes and artillery, they held. The flag of Free China, red, quartered by the white-and-blue ringed-sun flag of the Kuomintang, flew over more than a million square miles.

In May, 1941, and a month before Hitler unleashed the Wehrmacht at Russia, the Japs tried to come to terms with Chiang. Failing, they recognised the puppet regime of the Chinese Laval, Wang Ching-wei. Chiang then broke with the Axis. Five months after, Jap bombs blasted Pearl Harbour. Chiang had played his hand out to an alliance with Britain and America. The next move was to induce Churchill to treat China as the fourth Great Power of the United Nations set-up.

It took some doing. The dragon's son left it to diplomatist Missimo, who moved the game to America. Touring the country with an entourage of forty persons, she was an enormous success.

She arrived at the City Hall in California wearing heels so high that the Governor took her arm in case she lost her balance mounting the steps. But Mee-ling never loses her balance. She had an opportunity when Premier Churchill pointedly omitted China from a broadcast speech on post-war world leadership. Instead, she wrapped an oblique rebuke in speech so flowery that, as one listener observed: "You only found it if you stuck your nose so rudely into the roses that it came up against a thorn."

In the end, Churchill yielded on abolition of extra-territorial rights, and matched Chiang with Stalin in his great Congress speech of May. Mee-ling climbed into her plane for the home trip with a wide smile. Her Gissimo now had everything—except, of course, solutions of post-war problems.

How can he solve the problems of a China which at points suggests Franco's Spain, except that the landlord is even more influential, and a plutocracy exploits a mounting inflation? Currently, he balances power group against power group, for did not Tseng Kuo-fan remark: "*When one is facing many problems, find out first what are the essential points, and then act upon them*"? Chiang's first business is to stay in power.

But to-morrow he must find ways to develop his country, bigger than Europe, and holding 463,000,000 souls.

In the Gissimo's ten-year reconstruction programme, the high lights are 20,000 transport planes, and technical and vocational schools to train 2,460,000 students. Paper plans have always been a weakness of Kuomintang politicos, but the dragon's son may make part or all of this one materialise. According to Missimo, it depends on their success in eliminating China's Seven Deadly Sins: squeeze, cliquism, face, defeatism, inaccuracy, passing the buck, and indiscipline; all vices of very old, cultured nations.

What happens when the dragon's son passes is anybody's guess. Tseng Kuo-fan unfortunately has no maxim to meet that situation. Chiang Kai-shek is founding no dynasty. If the strain runs out with him the tough young generals may grow paunchy and caste-conscious, and marry into the plutocracy. The cult of the porcelain-fragile mandarin female may return, along with the world's most carefully cultivated effete life. Even the Dragon Throne in the Peking Palace museum may be dusted off for a new Chinese Roi Soleil in a restored Chinese Versailles. And all the dreams of the dragon's son (and Missimo) may go the way of a Chinese paper prayer, eddy up in smoke, and vanish in fine ash.

But one hopes not.

END

1.7.43

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